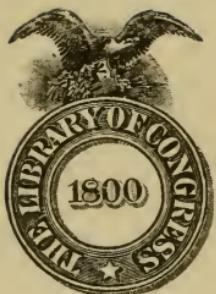


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A STRENUOUS LIFE

*A MERRY FARCE IN
THREE ACTS*

BY

RICHARD WALTON TULLY

*Author of "The Rose of the Ranch," "The Bird
of Paradise," "Onar, The Trunk-maker,"
"The Flame," etc.*

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New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

A Strenuous Life

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THREE ACTS*

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(Nine male and five female characters. But see important notice about Casting on page 7.)

TOM HARRINGTON, *Football Captain*

REGINALD BLACK, *his Chum*

BYRON HARRINGTON, *Father of His Son*

JAMES ROBERTS, *a Freshman*

WILLIAM EVERETT JAMES, *a new Professor from Stanfard, the rival college*

DAN DAVENANT, *from the Hills*

PROFESSOR MAGEE, *Director of the "gym"*

NUGATA, *"Good, Honest, Intelligent Japanese School-boy"*

DAWLEY, *a Collector*

THREE FRESHMEN (*to be used in the drill scene*)

MRS. WIGGINTON WIGGINS, *the Landlady*

MARIAN DAVENANT

RUTH THORNTON, *Mrs. Wiggins's Niece*

DULCIE HARRINGTON, *Tom's Sister from High School*

WIDOW MAGUIRE, *familiarly known as "The Widow"*
Guests at the dance (if desired)

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. *Reception room of Mrs. Wiggins's boarding-house, near the University of California. Morning.*

ACT II. *Same. Afternoon.*

ACT III. *Same. Evening.*

TIME: *The present.*

PLACE: *The college town of Berkeley, just across the Bay from San Francisco.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

"A Strenuous Life" can be played in any of the following combinations:

1. Nine male; five female.

Play the farce as written. This is its best form.

2. Eight male; six female.

Change Nugata to Chia, "good, honest, intelligent Japanese school girl," and have the character played by a young lady.

3. Eight male; five female.

Have the same person play Magee and Dawley. Play Nugata as a boy.

4. Seven male; six female.

Change Nugata to a girl and have one actor play two parts as above.

5. Six male; six female; one male teacher.

Same as above, but have Professor Magee played by a male teacher and leave out Dawley, giving his lines to Mrs. Maguire.

6. Seven male; four female; one male teacher.

Leave out Dawley and Widow Maquire, having the second act end with Rob's entrance, followed immediately by the entrance of James.

By these it will be seen that the least number of male characters is six, with the help of a teacher; the least number of female characters is four. As many men and as many girls as desired can be used as guests. The three freshmen used in the second act may or may not belong to the class. They are "supers" to march on and off. If these three are members of the class, they may be put on the pre-

gram as First Freshman, Second Freshman and Third Freshman, giving them credit for the performance. Otherwise, they need not appear on the program.

In communities where the mention of liquor is not offensive the references to Widow Maguire and tobacco can be changed to "bootleg." In this case Dan asks for a drink and Nugata brings in a glass of water in Act I page 54.

THE CHARACTERS

TOM HARRINGTON

A young college man about twenty-two, a thoroughly "good fellow," who is compelled to become a liar of the first water by force of circumstance, but who repents when he sees that the truth is a better plan. He wears a lieutenant's uniform in Act I, sack suit with sweater in Act II, and evening dress in Act III.

REGINALD BLACK

About Tom's age, but more sober and truthful. He helps Tom not because he wishes to, but because he likes Tom. Sack suit in Act I and first part of Act II; uniform of lieutenant last part of Act II; dress suit, Act III.

JAMES ROBERTS

A youth about nineteen. He is not the ordinary dude of the stage. He is bright, but has been raised a "mamma's boy" and has not gotten over it. He speaks and pronounces his r's as w's in a drawling musical voice (high). He wears his trousers, gray, turned up high. Black coat, fancy vest, red tie and shirt. Hat, small "dicer," too small for him. Very short, light box overcoat.

PROFESSOR JAMES

A man of about thirty, with black hair and smooth face—his hair on the sides of his ears comes down in slight chops to the lower part of the ear, just enough to indicate age, but not enough to spoil the illusion that he may be a "young feller." He wears a cutaway frock suit

throughout, except that after the drill scene in the Second Act, his coat is very ragged and torn. He has a low voice, and speaks sharply and abruptly.

DAN DAVENANT

Is just from the hills, but is not the miner with snakes in his boots. He is dressed in a Prince Albert; wide, white Alpine hat, boots, vest cut low, low collar with turned-out tips, black tie. He is about Byron's age, with gray hair, slightly bald, and has gray goatee. His nose is red. He is not roaring loud in his actions, but simply cordially assertive. However, he always wants it known that he has his pile.

PROFESSOR MAGEE

Is a man anywhere from thirty-five to fifty years old. He has a Van Dyke beard and must move slowly and with gravity. His voice is stern and commanding.

DAWLEY

Wears a shabby suit and hat. He has a tough air. Wears a moustache.

BYRON HARRINGTON

Is the type of prosperous business man, about fifty years of age. Dresses in a light suit. He has white-gray hair and side-burns. He is also stout and should be made up with an artificial stomach. He should speak slowly and deliberately in a way to carry weight. Dress suit in Act III.

NUGATA

Is a small Japanese. This is a very important part, and the actor who plays it must be a capable pantomimist. He is supposed to represent the class of Japanese that do housework for their board and lodging while they go to school. He invariably carries a book and when no one is looking he always neglects what he is doing to

study the book. When reprimanded, he tries to cram it into his pocket. He is generally scared, and tries to explain in pantomime. He can say but one word, "Yis." The best comedy effect will be produced if, before each answer, he screws up his face for a few seconds of puzzled thinking while he shoots a glance at the audience. It must be only a second's pause, however. When addressed by some one, he looks at them while they question him; then out at the audience while he thinks; then back to the speaker; then smiles with audible breathing sound and answers "Yis." He dresses in short black waiter's jacket which has a small pocket; a white apron tied around under his coat; low, straight collar, black string tie, and worn low shoes with lavender socks. (If on account of a lack of boys, this part is played by a girl, all these directions apply, except that the actress dresses in a simple black American dress with a white apron that has a small pocket. She wears her hair in Japanese fashion.)

MARIAN DAVENANT

Is a stylishly dressed girl of about twenty. She should be attractive and dashing.

MRS. WIGGINS

Has seen better days. She can be played as broadly as desired. As written, she is about forty, and bitter in Act I. Under the influence of love, however, she melts and is quite kittenish in Act III. She wears an apron over a black dress in Acts I and II, and an ancient affair of about 1880, in Act III.

RUTH THORNTON

Is a quiet, lovable girl, of about Marian's age. She is not fond of show, and dresses quietly. She and Reginald are the most quiet people in the play. Evening dress in Act III.

DULCIE

An attractive High School Girl.

MRS. MAGUIRE

Little or large Irishwoman. Small black bonnet. Plaid shawl. Black skirt.

HINTS TO THE PLAYERS

(You do not need a professional coach if you follow these directions carefully)

A few suggestions are offered to the players in this farce. Take the production as a serious affair, and make those who decide to take part promise to come to every rehearsal. In this regard it is better to have fewer rehearsals just before the presentation of the play with everyone in attendance than to string out many rehearsals over several months before the performance at which only half of the principals are present. Once rehearsals are begun, no excuse for absence should be received. Amateur performances are failures because members of the cast say, "There are going to be plenty of rehearsals. I'll go to that other affair to-night."

The following should be chosen: Business Manager, Press Agent, Stage Manager, Master of Properties.

The Stage Manager should have absolute authority. This person must study the manuscript very carefully. As written here, it has been played many hundred times, and everything has been worked out carefully. It will be the Stage Manager's business to see that every one follows the directions of the manuscript correctly, and his word should be final. If he is a member of the cast, an Assistant Manager (not in the cast) should be selected to have entire charge of ringing up and ringing down the curtain, also all rings of the door bell, starting and stopping of the music, etc., etc.

The business of the Master of Properties will be to prepare all the things handled by each player on

the stage. He must secure these things and be absolutely responsible for their appearance at the last few rehearsals.

The most important of these properties are the wigs and whiskers for Roberts. In regard to the wigs, it is necessary that the young men who play Roberts, Byron Harrington, Davenant, Nugata and Professor Magee should secure their wigs in plenty of time for the actual performance; also the same is true in regard to the young lady playing Widow Maguire.

In regard to wigs for this performance, only one is absolutely necessary—the Svengali wig for Roberts and whiskers to match. However, Dan, Byron and Mrs. Wiggins must powder their hair; Nugata must have black hair, and Roberts should be blonde. The best effect is achieved when the following wigs are used. They may be rented for a total of fifteen dollars at any first-class wig-maker's. Wm. Hepner, 137 W. 44th Street, New York City, will furnish the best wigs, sterilized and dressed for the above sum; also Goldstein & Co. of San Francisco, Cal. The different charges are itemized below:

I Svengali red wig,.....	(rental)	\$2.00
I whiskers to match.....	"	.50
I Japanese wig for Nugata,	"	3.00
I Bald gray wig for Dan,...	"	2.00
Plain white gray wig, Byron,	"	2.00
I Blonde wig for Roberts,..	"	2.50
I Red wig, Mrs. Maguire,..	"	3.00
Total,		15.00

Mrs. Wiggins powders her hair.

Besides, you should get one box assorted grease paints which will cost seventy-five cents and one yard of crepe hair, costing thirty-five cents. Divide the yard as follows: one-quarter to match Byron's

wig, one-quarter to match Dan's, one-quarter to match the color of James' hair, one-quarter to match Dawley's hair. If Magee's hair is not the color of any of these, an extra quarter of a yard must be gotten for his beard. When ordering send the size of each actor's hat and the colors of the hair as above. On the night of the performance get a small bottle of Gum-mastic and ether from the Drug Store (cost from ten to twenty-five cents). Use this to stick on the false beards, sideburns, goatees, etc. These are easily made by pulling out the crepe hair and working it into the proper shape. Be sure to have the druggist put in plenty of gum and there will be no danger of the hair coming off. It may feel as if it is going to fall off, but do not handle it after placing it on firmly.

Learn your parts thoroughly before you try to go too quickly. Work out all the scenes slowly once, and never do them differently thereafter. Then, at each rehearsal the speed can be increased. The farce is written to be played very fast.

In this manuscript all stage directions should be obeyed: As the actor faces the audience: R means the right hand of the stage facing the footlights; L the left; C is center. *Up* means away from the footlights; *down* means near the footlights and the audience.

By the direction to play the farce "fast" is meant that the players should pick up their cues or speeches quickly, and keep the action going briskly. This does not mean that the players must "run over laughs."

The trick of waiting while the audience laughs is usually what differentiates the professional from the amateur performance. During the time that the audience is laughing, no words should be said on the stage, although the natural *actions* of the players

should be continued. Just as the laugh dies out, the *speeches* should begin at the same snappy speed.

Because amateurs usually give only one performance, it is hard for them to find out where these laughs come. The following method is suggested. It is customary for friends of the cast to drop in at rehearsals. But it is much better if they can be persuaded to wait until the dress rehearsals. Then allow them to laugh whenever they please, and a good idea of where stops must be made can be gained.

For example: In the last Act, when Tom says, "Is there, can there be anywhere, a man more miserable than I?" James comes in as if in answer to the query. If Tom runs out too quickly, or if James neglects to come to a full stop and make a miserable picture of a second's duration, the audience will not laugh. There must be a distinct stop in the action. The injunction to play the farce fast means that it should be played fast between the laughs.

Of course, if the laugh does not occur where it is expected, there should be no stop. If the audience does not laugh, the player should instantaneously go right on. There is nothing worse than an abrupt halt inviting an unresponsive audience to laugh. The players, by keeping alert, must humor the audience. It is this quality of judgment that marks high excellence in the acting of farces.

On the night of the performance, if the players find that they have been speaking a line during a laugh, it will be a wise precaution to repeat it as soon as the laughter dies away.

If more players wish to take part in this farce than are in the cast of characters, they can appear in Act III, as guests in evening clothes, and during the first part of the Act pass by the door in the rear as though going into the party. A little later couples can stroll by at the back. But they should not come down to the front of the stage, or in any way take

up the attention of the audience, and they should not appear between the time of Tom's entrance on page 105 and his exit on page 110. They can, however, all come on for the final curtain, grouping themselves at the back of the principals. But if this is done, they must appear interested in what goes on, and not stand as does the usual chorus in opera. Fictitious names should be placed on the programs for their parts, and these should be described as guests at the dance.

In regard to advertising, choose a Business Manager who will make the necessary business arrangements, the most important of which is not the hiring of the hall or theater, but in making sure that the advertising of the play before the performance is done thoroughly. First of all, the newspapers should be furnished with sufficient information concerning the performance. Unusually such mention can be secured free on account of the interest in the local high school, or for a small payment.

Next, the posters that we can furnish for this performance should be placed in convenient locations about town. Usually the students of preparatory schools have sufficient influence with the merchants to insure that these posters are placed in prominent windows. If objection is made to their being of paper, the half-sheets can be easily pasted upon board or thick cardboard, and set up.

Local conditions determine entirely whether bill posting should be done or not, but at least one or two bills should be displayed in front of the hall or theater and in several public places for several weeks before the performance.

In every case where the advertising was properly attended to there has been an ample profit upon the production of the farce.

A Strenuous Life

ACT I

Curtain music light and catchy. NUGATA is discovered, L.C., dusting furniture and piano; as the music continues he draws a book from under his coat and commences to read. As he becomes absorbed more and more, he dusts continually in one spot, going slower and slower, until he drops the duster. His arm continues to move as if dusting, however, as he does not know the duster has fallen. Music until first speech.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Voice off R.*) Nugata! Nugata!

NUGATA. Yis! (*He starts up, tries to cram the book into his small pocket with one hand, while he picks up the duster with the other and brushes furiously at chair R. of table.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Still off*) Where can that Japanese be? (*Enters R. 3E. Savagely*) Nugata!

NUGATA. Yis! (*Brushing in same place.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, there you are! How long do you suppose I am going to call you? Didn't you hear me?

NUGATA. Yis! (*Nervously tries to hide book.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Then why didn't you answer?

NUGATA. (*Rattled, and brushing furiously*) Yis.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*R.C. Aside*) Oh, that boy! (*Aloud to him*) Now, don't dust in one spot forever! Dust the room!

NUGATA. (*Goes to piano*) Yis.

MRS. WIGGINS. And there you go again! Can't you say anything but "yis"? (*Crosses to L.*)

NUGATA. Yis! (*Dodges up and goes R.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Sits R. of table L. Talks to NUGATA, who pays no attention*) I declare! They say that troubles never come singly. Here the examinations are all over, registration done, and yet, my best paying rooms are vacant, and there's not a chance of filling them up now that almost everyone has returned. (*Crosses r. NUGATA has worked around the room and is about to go into L.3E.*) Now, don't go in there! They weren't home last night. (*NUGATA stops.*) They were probably over in San Francisco spending the money they should pay me on their board bill. At least Mr. Harrington was spending the money, while Mr. Black loaned it to him.

NUGATA. (*By door L.3E.*) Yis!

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Savagely*) Botheration! Go out and sweep the porch. I can't stand having you about.

NUGATA. Yis! (*Goes out c. to r.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Crosses L.*) That boy! (*Bell rings outside.*) He's just like all the rest. You pay them a salary to learn our language, and then they want twice as much for knowing it. (*Enter NUGATA c. and down r. Makes motions to indicate someone is outside. She does not understand.*) Didn't I tell you to go outside? (*NUGATA puts up his hands in despair, and disappears c. to L. MRS. WIGGINS looks away.*) If you don't mind me, I'll show you what it is to— (*She lifts her hand to strike him, but PROFESSOR MAGEE has entered, and her voice changes from the utmost savageness to sweetness,*

and she shakes his hand instead of striking.) Why, how do you do, Professor Magee? Come right in! You are very welcome. I was just telling my Japanese boy to show you in.

MAGEE. So I perceived. (*He comes down. Enter up c., WIDOW MAGUIRE. She comes in slowly and stops, looking at MRS. WIGGINS and PROFESSOR MAGEE. They do not see her.*) I simply called in to see Harrington.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. So did I. (*MRS. WIGGINS and PROFESSOR MAGEE both start and turn.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh! (*To MAGEE*) Professor Magee, won't you sit down,—and the lady with you.

MAGEE. That lady with me? Not at all.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Well, I should say not! I came to see Mr. Harrington.

MRS. WIGGINS. Well, won't you both sit down anyhow? (*They both do so.*) And it's my opinion you'll have to wait if you want to see him.

MAGEE. Wait?

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Wait!

MAGEE. What's the matter?

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Growing a little severe, and sitting R. of table L.*) I'm sorry to say he's not at home. He's been out all night.

MAGEE. (*Surprised*) Has he!

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Oh, that's nothing new! He's got 'em all skinned at that.

MAGEE. (*Rising*) I beg your pardon! Who is this woman?

WIDOW MAGUIRE. I'm a person who knows your students better than you do. I'm the Widow, and I keep a little candy store and sell one or two little things in the shape of soda, and—

MAGEE. Tobacco.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Oh, no, no, Professor! I wouldn't think of that!

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Rising*) The Widow, eh? Well, what do you want?

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Oh, nothing! I only had a little bill against Mr. Harrington, for— But never mind! I'll come back again! I'll come back again when the Professor ain't here.

MAGEE. One moment, madam! I want to warn you. There's a law against cigarette smoking here. And sooner or later, if you continue to sell tobacco—

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Oh, don't worry, Professor. I won't! I won't! Good-day, Madam. Good-day. (*She goes out c. to r.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. That bill was for tobacco. Why, his room fairly reeks with it!

MAGEE. Really? Not when he's training?

MRS. WIGGINS. Ah, sir, it shocks you, but I give you my word it is true. He can conceal nothing from me.

MAGEE. That is undoubtedly true.

MRS. WIGGINS. Sir?

MAGEE. True that he smokes occasionally.

MRS. WIGGINS. Most certainly, sir. Why, he is one of the worst—

MAGEE. (*Rising and starting r.c.*) Perhaps. But I have always found him a manly, straightforward fellow.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Rising and l.c.*) Oh, certainly, he—he—

MAGEE. I called to see him on a matter of importance to his welfare. Unless he sees me at once he may be compelled to leave college. I have written, but he has not answered. He has been neglecting his gymnasium work.

MRS. WIGGINS. What! Has he been cutting gym?

MAGEE. Yes, cutting gym. You will tell him?

MRS. WIGGINS Certainly, Professor Magee, with the greatest of pleasure. (*She bows very low.*)

MAGEE. Good-day, madam! (*Exits c. and r.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Very sweetly*) Good-day, sir. (*After he is out of ear-shot, savagely, l.c.*) Nugata!

RUTH. (*Entering R.3E. and coming down R.C.*) Aunty!

MRS. WIGGINS. Well?

RUTH. Has—has Mr. Black been to breakfast yet?

MRS. WIGGINS. No, he hasn't. He's been out all night with that friend of his, Tom Harrington. Both probably— (*Crosses R. and sits on sofa.*)

RUTH. Why, Aunty, don't say that! There isn't a kinder-hearted fellow in all Berkeley than Mr. Harrington. And I'm sure that Mr. Black is—is—

MRS. WIGGINS. He's just as bad. Any person who allows himself to be led by the nose the way he lets Harrington lead him, is as bad as the one that does it.

RUTH. But, Aunty, what has he done? (*Comes over back of sofa.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Rising and crossing L.*) Done! What hasn't Tom Harrington made him do? He isn't so bad when you take him alone; but the pair! (*Indicating despair*) I'd become dumb trying to tell it! At least, they went away last term without paying their final month's board.

RUTH. Oh, Aunty, Mr. Black said he gave Mr. Harrington the money to pay you just before last term closed.

MRS. WIGGINS. Well, there's one thing certain: *I never got it.* But that isn't all I complain of. Now that they've returned, they even haven't paid their first month's board this year, when they know very well that my rules are: Pay strictly in advance.

(Tearfully in handkerchief L.C.) Oh, they wouldn't treat me that way if Wiggins was alive!

RUTH. (Going and embracing her) Well, Aunty, you're not fair to—to Reginald. They'll pay you this time. (Confidentially) Mr. Black had the money last night!

MRS. WIGGINS. (L.C. Dropping handkerchief and sarcastically mad) Yes. Before they went to San Francisco! They probably had to borrow their ferry tickets this morning.

RUTH. (R.C. Reproachfully) Aunty!

MRS. WIGGINS. Well, I don't know what is to become of me! All the other boarding places are filled, but I got no new boarders, and my old ones don't pay anything.

RUTH. But you advertised in the city papers.

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes, and what good did it do me? Not a reply. (Crossing R.) Oh, I don't complain. But it's rather hard on a poor, lone widow.

RUTH. Poor Aunty! I can't blame you for being worried. It is rather discouraging. (Bell outside.)

MRS. WIGGINS. (Stops and looks at picture of WIGGINS R.) To think, Ruth: I used to have my own carriage, my own horses! And now all I have left are those harness monograms hanging on his picture. (Goes over and takes down two monograms hanging by ribbons to WIGGINS' picture. Holds them out at arm's length.) W. That stood for Wiggins. (Hangs them up again, and goes toward R.3E. with her apron to her eyes.) Oh, if Wiggins was alive! (Exits R.3E.)

(RUTH kneels on sofa, looking after her. Enter NUGATA c. from R. with tray, upon which are eight letters. He comes down and stands c. RUTH, seeing him, goes R.C.)

NUGATA. Yis.

RUTH. (*Takes them*) Any letters for me? Let me see. (*Runs them over.*) Two for Aunty; one, two, three, four, for Mr. Harrington; and one for Reginald. (*Very happily, but sober as she looks at it closely*) It's a woman's handwriting! Now, who could be writing to him? Has he been—?

NUGATA. (*Who has been peeping over her shoulder*) Yis.

RUTH. (*Starting. She has forgotten NUGATA*) Oh—a—a—Nugata! (*Hesitates*) Take the letters. (*Places them on a tray and sits on sofa R.*)

NUGATA. (*Looking after her, points first after her, then at letter, then at BLACK's room L.3E., then at letter. Covers his face with his hand and smiles through it*) Yis! (*He places the tray on table L. and commences to read book.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Outside*) Letters! (*Enters R.C.*) Why weren't they brought to me? (*NUGATA dodges out c. to L.*) That boy! (*Running over pile.*) Letters for me? (*Holds up some. Talks to RUTH, who pays little attention*) Harrington! I wonder if they contain money. Duns, more likely. Ah, here it is! This one is for me. (*As she opens it*) Well, well, what's this? (*Reads*) "Stanford University, Palo Alto. Mrs. Wigginton Wiggins, Berkeley, Dear Madam: I write this letter to secure a room and board for myself the coming college year at your boarding house, which has been highly recommended to me. I shall arrive to-morrow morning. Yours very truly, William Everett James." Professor James, the new Professor of Mathematics! (*At table L.*) Nugata! Nugata!

NUGATA. (*Outside*) Yis. (*Enter c. from L.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Pointing R.I.E.*) Go fix that room up for Professor James.

NUGATA. Yis. (*Exits R.I.E.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*As she opens other letters*) Well, that's one consolation! What's this! An-

other! (*Reads*) "Dear Madam: I saw your advertisement in the Examiner. Please prepare a nice room as I want to live in Berkeley when I go to school there. I expect to commence my lessons tomorrow, so shall come over then. Be sure that it is a *nice* room, as Mama wants me to be comfortable. Yours, James Roberts." Another! Nugata! Nugata!

NUGATA. (*Off R.*) Yis! (*Enters R.I.E. and crosses hurriedly at her order. He has his book between his teeth; his duster underneath his arm, several towels hung about him, over the shoulders and arms. In one hand he carries a china wash bowl, in the other a pitcher.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Fix up that room—(*Points L.I.E.*)—for Mr. Roberts. (*NUGATA goes across and out L.I.E.*) Now, if I could just get one more boarder, my house would— (*Noise off L. Crockery crash.*) Oh, that boy! (*MRS. WIGGINS exits L.I.E., followed by RUTH.*)

(*Music very slow and pianissimo in orchestra, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."* Enter TOM slowly at c. from R. He has a suit-case in one hand, his overcoat over the other arm. His hair is disheveled, his necktie askew, his cap on the side of his head, and his whole appearance goes to show that he has been out all night. He is dressed in a lieutenant's uniform—the coat is unbuttoned at top for three buttons, showing fancy shirt beneath. He walks very slowly down c. and sits R. of sofa. He feels his head and groans slightly. REGINALD appears at door c. from R. He is dressed smartly, and no sign of any outing the night before. He stands, taking TOM in, and laughing quietly. TOM rises and goes to table L., where a pitcher of water and glasses stand, and drinks three or four

glasses. Returns to sofa and sits down. Feels his head and groans audibly. REGINALD comes down; places his case, overcoat and hat at the side of TOM's, and stands L.C. laughing until music stops.)

TOM. (*Noticing REGINALD*) Did you pay the cabman?

REGINALD. Yes. (*A pause.*) Well?

TOM. (*After a pause, hand at his head*) Well, we're home again. Oh, what a headache!

REGINALD. (*Goes L. and sits on table*) Yes. You must have butted around amazingly to get such a head. I'm glad I left you last night.

TOM. I'm not.

REGINALD. Why?

TOM. Because I wouldn't have done what I did.

REGINALD. Well, what *did* you do? You haven't told me yet the cause of all this gay parade of brass buttons.

TOM. Reggie, old boy, without meaning to do any wrong, last night I enlisted in the army.

REGINALD. (*Jumps off and comes c.*) What! You did?

TOM. Well, not exactly. (*REGINALD sits again.*) But still, very near it. It was this way: You know why I went to the city yesterday?

REGINALD. Yes. To get that lieutenant's uniform.

TOM. (*Looking at his clothes and with a tired wave of his hand*) This gaudy plumage! (*Pause.*) Well, I got it.

REGINALD. On credit.

TOM. No—er—yes. Of course. I got it and took it over to the Palace Hotel where I was to dine—

REGINALD. On credit.

TOM. Yes—a—no! I was going to pay for that.

REGINALD. (*Laughing*) Wonderful!

TOM. (*Rising and starting c.*) Very well, if you don't care to hear—

REGINALD. There, sit down. Of course I do. (*Puts TOM back on sofa. Jars his head. He feels it.*) Palace Hotel—you were to dine—

TOM. It was rather early, and while I was waiting I noticed that there were some soldiers also waiting—a banquet was to be given to the Colorado troops who were to leave for the Philippines. The mayor of the city was there, and stood for the feed—the real thing, you know.

REGINALD. Yes?

TOM. Well, I had this suit in my case, and—and—

REGINALD. And you thought it would be a keen stunt to play soldier and get some of the feed. I never saw such a fellow for getting into scrapes.

TOM. I take my oath as football captain, I never meant to do any harm. But—suddenly—I don't know how it happened—I realized that I had put on my uniform, broken off one side of the U on this cap, leaving simply Company J.

REGINALD. And the C underneath stood for Colorado. (*Takes cap and shows it. Drops it on case.*)

TOM. Exactly, and the young lady—

REGINALD. (*In high spirits, crosses back of sofa and sits R. of TOM*) O—oh! There was a young lady?

TOM. Yes. You see, she wouldn't look at me before, and seemed so interested in soldiers, that I—I—well, met her father when I came into the crowd—

REGINALD. (*In solemn bantering voice*) There was a father? (*Laughs.*)

TOM. Yes. I introduced myself to him—

REGINALD. And who were you?

TOM. I? I was Lieutenant Thomas.

REGINALD. Thomas what?

TOM. Simply Lieutenant Thomas. You don't suppose I gave my last name, do you?

REGINALD. Impossible!

TOM. Well, I interviewed the old gent. He was a miner down from some old place—oh, yes, Angels' Camp—rich as they make 'em. He and his daughter had been invited to the spread.

REGINALD. Did you meet her?

TOM. Yes. Her father and I became pretty well acquainted, and he introduced me to her. I sat by her all through the banquet. (*Reflectively*) Ah, she was a queen!

REGINALD. (*Scoffing*) Ye-es!

TOM. Well, she was!

REGINALD. Of course! And then——?

TOM. Oh, you know. After the banquet we went into the parlor, where I sat at the piano, and—and—Oh, you know—good-bye forever—after to-night, what will to-morrow be, and—and—well, don't you know, by that time I really believed that I was going, —going far away to some Philippine jungle to die of —of the Balangalang fever.

REGINALD. The balangalang? What's that?

TOM. I don't know. But it sounded great.

REGINALD. And you acted out the part?

TOM. Why have I been playing in amateur theatricals? Did I act? I should say so! And I didn't need any of my wigs and make-up either. (*Points to room L.*)

REGINALD. But why didn't you join me afterward as you promised?

TOM. Well, during all this time the father had been making intermittent trips downstairs, and when I left her he insisted upon my going with him there, and I couldn't get away till late.

REGINALD. Well, I can't see what there is to regret about the affair.

TOM. Oh, that's not all. That's the worst of it.

Some time during the early morning hours, her father said something to me in which he distinctly mentioned Berkeley. Now, for the life of me, I can't remember what he said. (*Feels his head.*)

REGINALD. (*Laughs*) No wonder! But is that all?

TOM. Oh, I forgot. This morning I felt mean at duping such a nice girl—because she *was*, you know— (*REGINALD laughs.*) Well, she was!

REGINALD. Oh, she *was*. (*Laughs.*)

TOM. So I purchased the prettiest little gold saber with a diamond in it—(*REGINALD stops laughing suddenly*)—and sent it up—(*Rises and goes R.C.*)—with the compliments of Lieutenant Thomas.

REGINALD. (*Amazed, sober. Rising*) With what?

TOM. The compliments of Lieutenant Thomas.

REGINALD. (*Disgusted*) No, I mean—with what? (*Taps his pocket, indicating money.*)

TOM. The money you loaned me last night.

REGINALD. (*R.C.*) Great Scott! Our board bill! (*Catches him.*)

TOM. Now, don't get excited. She was a queen. You should have seen her!

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Off L.*) All right, Nugata.

REGINALD. (*Preparing for the onslaught*) Mrs. Wiggins!

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Entering L.I.E. Stops and slowly takes them in. In freezing tones and attitude*) Good morning, gentlemen! (*They are standing half turned back to back.*)

TOM and REGINALD. (*Politely*) Good morning, Mrs. Wiggins.

MRS. WIGGINS. I wish to speak with you, Mr. Harrington,—(*REGINALD tries to sneak*)—and you, too, Mr. Black. (*REGINALD takes a long step back to his former position.*)

TOM. (*Aside to REGINALD*) Here's where we get our money's worth!

MRS. WIGGINS. Now, I never try to be hard on any one, as I am a poor widow woman myself—

TOM. (*Aside to REGINALD*) Same old spiel!

MRS. WIGGINS. But you know my rules are "Pay strictly in advance." (TOM nods.) I have been very lenient with you, Mr. Harrington. (REGINALD laughs.) And with you, too, Mr. Black. (REGINALD sobers.)

TOM. (*Mock scolding*) Do you hear that, Mr. Black? She's been very lenient with you, sir.

MRS. WIGGINS. But I must have the money you owe me from last year.

REGINALD. (*Much surprised*) Last year?

TOM. (*Nervously*) Yes. A—ah—ha! There was a little balance from last year, but— (Feels through his pockets.) Mrs. Wiggins, you shall have your money right away— (She extends her hand.) We are temporarily embarrassed, but I am expecting money by every mail.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Crossing stiffly up R. to R.3E.*) Then you'd better look over your letters on the table. *I knew it!* (*Exits R.3E.*)

TOM. I wonder what she knew! (*They dive toward the table L., TOM to back of table and REGINALD to R. They get their letters. Both open one. REGINALD sits sofa R., TOM remains back of table L.*)

REGINALD. Mine is from home!

TOM. Say, is this the first of the month?

REGINALD. No, the thirteenth.

TOM. Well, they're coming in droves, anyhow. Let's see— (*Reads*) "Dear Sir: We regret that we must again bring this little matter to your attention, but your account—" Oh, pshaw! (*Crumples it up and throws it away. Then opens another.*) Of

all sad words that e'er were writ—The saddest are these: You'll please remit.

REGINALD. If you've got it.

TOM. (*Reads*) "Report at the gymnasium to-day at 1:55 for work. This is necessary, because of your failure in the Sophomore course." (*Looks at REGINALD.*) "Yours lovingly, Walter E. Magee."

REGINALD. Quite touching!

TOM. Not half as *touching* as this will probably be. (*Opens another and reads*) "Dear Sir: If you do not—" Humph! (*Laughs.*) They must be anxious. I don't see why they worry. It doesn't bother me. (*Opens fourth.*) From Dad! (*He walks around and stands in front of chair r. of table L.*) "My dear son: I have long desired—" (*Reads to himself rapidly and falls on chair r. of table.*)

REGINALD. (*Jumps up and runs to him*) Why, what's the matter?

TOM. (*Extending letter*) Read it! Read it!

REGINALD. (*Reading R.C.*) "My dear son: I have long desired to visit Berkeley and see how well you have been doing." (*Turns around, smiling, and looks at TOM, who turns away his head with a despairing look and covers his face with his hands.*) "The chance has now arrived. To-morrow I leave for San Francisco on business. I shall drop over and see you Thursday morning. You don't know how glad I am to have a chance of visiting the scene of your many triumphs." (*Smiles and same business as before.*) "You must show me your Mathematics medal—" What! Mathematics medal!

TOM. Of course! I had to win something.

REGINALD. (*Laughing*) That's pretty good! (*Reads*) "Your Mathematics medal, and other trophies of scholarship. Hoping this reaches you in good health, I am, your affectionate father, Byron Harrington." (*TOM makes feeble gestures.*) Then he's coming here?

TOM. Can't you read?

REGINALD. This morning?

TOM. *Certainly.*

REGINALD. And the medal—trophies—?

TOM. (*Coming over L.C.*) Great Scott, Reggie! You know my record as a student. Why, you've saved me from being fired out of college a dozen times.

REGINALD. But he thinks—?

TOM. He thinks that I've got all the crackerjack students on a freight train, and that my perfect marks make a pile as big as—

REGINALD. Your debts?

TOM. No, not that many.

REGINALD. What are you going to do?

TOM. Ask me.

REGINALD. I might ask you what Mrs. Wiggins meant by "last year's debt."

TOM. She meant *last year's debt*.

REGINALD. Didn't you give her the money I gave you?

TOM. No. I blew it in, thinking I would pay her when I returned flush.

REGINALD. But you didn't?

TOM. Did that little seance with her ladyship sound like it? No, I started to return flush, but the cash lasted only halfway around the old debts.

REGINALD. But I gave you some money last night. (*With great scorn*) Oh, I forgot the diamond saber and the young lady you will never see again. Tom, you're a pajudice bird.

TOM. You don't have to tell me that, I know it! (*Bell rings outside.*) But, on my honor, I don't mean to do these things. I just seem to be a victim of circumstances. (*Goes L.C.*)

REGINALD. Well, if you can stand it, I can. The only thing to do is to jolly up.

(Enter NUGATA c. from r. with card on tray and comes down.)

TOM. Jolly up! When I'm about to be sacrificed by my own father?

REGINALD. (Taking card and reading) Mr. Byron Harrington.

TOM. Enter the executioner! (NUGATA goes out R.3F. Enter BYRON and DULCIE c. from r. They come down c. BYRON L. TOM goes between them, catching BYRON's hand, then turning to DULCIE and kissing her.) Father and Dulcie! How are you?

BYRON. Fine! Fine! Never felt better in all my life. Came over on the ferry in this bracing morning air. You should try that, my boy, instead of staying indoors a morning like this. (Points inadvertently at the grips beside sofa.) What! Were you going out?

TOM. (Crossing r. to r.c. in front of cases) Yes—a—no! We were just—a—measuring our cases. He said his was longer than mine, and I didn't believe him. Oh, excuse me, father. This is Mr. Black, my room-mate, of whom I have spoken so often. (BYRON crosses and shakes hands, going up r. end of sofa, joining TOM in c., and they go l.c.) Reggie, my sister Dulcie. (Presents her, she crosses r. to BLACK and shake hands. TOM gives way and goes l.c. to meet BYRON.) That's the piano, and over there is the bookcase.

DULCIE. Don't you know, I'm real glad to meet you, Mr. Black. Oh, I know you. Tom has told me lots and lots about you. You're the kind friend who has stuck to him like a brother.

REGINALD. Oh, Miss Harrington, I— (They talk in pantomime. Meanwhile BYRON has been looking around the room carefully through his glasses.)

BYRON. (To TOM) Nice enough looking house.

Seems to be well furnished. I guess it's *worth what you pay for it.*

TOM. *I guess it is.*

DULCIE. (*To Tom*) Tom, aren't you glad to see us?

TOM. Of course I'm glad. (*Winces.*)

REGINALD. Yes, he looks glad. (*Laughs.*)

DULCIE. Do you know, we have everything at High School that *you* have. Basketball, and a literary society—and, and—a paper, and sororities, and a yell. Oh, we have a bully yell—nobody can ever understand it. What's yours?

REGINALD. (*Reciting, with no attempt at expression*) Oh, ours goes: Oskey-wow-wow! Whiskey-wee-wee! Oley Muckey-eye! Oley-Berkeley-eye, Cali-for-ni-eye! Wow!!

DULCIE. That's bully! My, it's exciting to be at college! You just wait till I come next year!

REGINALD. Well, judging from your brother, Miss Dulcie, things ought to hum.

DULCIE. Oh, we're so proud of him. (*Turns to Tom*) You hear that, Tom? We're so proud of you!

TOM. Oh, Dulcie! (*Makes deprecating gesture.*)

DULCIE. He's so modest! (*REGINALD coughs. TOM gives him a look.*)

TOM. Yes, Mr. Black, I'm modest.

DULCIE. (*Running up toward L.3E.*) Now I'm going to see Tom's room. Which is it?

TOM. (*Dashing after her and catching her just at the door*) No, you mustn't do that. (*Brings her down L.C. BYRON has gone R.C., and is inspecting cases and overcoats.*)

DULCIE. (*Pouting and shrugging her shoulders*) Why not?

TOM. It must be put in order first.

BYRON. (*c. Some distance from cases*) Were you measuring overcoats and hats?

TOM. (*Crosses in front of cases. Enter Mrs. WIGGINS, R.3E.*) Yes—a—no. We were brushing them. But here comes Mrs. Wiggins.

MRS. WIGGINS. I heard you ring—

TOM. Mrs. Wiggins, my father. (*She shakes his hand.*) My sister, Dulcie. (*Simply indicates her.*)

BYRON. Happy to make your acquaintance. (*Patronizingly*) My son has spoken of you.

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, has he?

TOM. They will be here for only a short time. Can you accommodate them?

MRS. WIGGINS. Certainly. Come with me. (*DULCIE and MRS. WIGGINS exeunt R.3E. BYRON turns at door.*)

BYRON. Thomas, I shall return presently and you shall show me about. (*Exit R.3E. TOM gazes after him a second, then turns and waves weakly to REGINALD, indicating that the cases, etc., should be removed. He then walks unsteadily to sofa R. and sits, gazing blankly in front of him. REGINALD takes out things L.3E. and comes back again.*)

TOM. I wonder just how long it will take the Empress to strike him for my board bill. At just what length of time later will yours truly be resting in a nice, little, comfortable plush seat, traveling home with papa and sister!

REGINALD. (*c. with sarcasm*) Measuring cases! Say, I thought you were an artistic liar. (*Laughs.*)

TOM. (*Rising and going R.C. Impressively*) Reggie, this isn't a time for art. A miracle is the only thing that can save me.

REGINALD. Save you! It won't be so dreadful, will it?

TOM. If he learns what I've been doing here it means that I shall be disinherited and turned out of the family. I know the governor. It's no use.

He'll find out everything, and then—— (*Makes a gesture of despair as he shakes REGINALD's hand by reaching back with left, and grasping his right hand, his back to REGINALD.*) Good-bye. You've been a good, true friend to me. Even if I am thrown down, he'll pay you what I owe you. Good-bye. Tell the fellows——

REGINALD. Tell the fellows—nonsense! Take the ball again for another buck. The game isn't over till the referee's whistle blows. Play it out!

TOM. It's hopeless.

REGINALD. Do you think we can lose our football captain? Nitsky! He'll be here only a couple of hours and may meet only the professors with whom you have a pull.

TOM. There aren't any left. Their legs have been stretched to the limit long ago.

REGINALD. Can't you get just one to say a good word for you, and keep him away from the others? (*TOM shakes his head. They both think.*) I have it!

TOM. What?

REGINALD. I'll make up as a Professor while he's here, and string him properly! You steer him away from anyone else. Fine! (*Bell outside.*)

TOM. If I didn't have a headache I'd laugh at you. Didn't he see you just now?

REGINALD. Hang it, that's so! (*Going L.C.*)

TOM. If we could only get someone he doesn't know—(*Enter NUGATA c. from R.*)—to play the Professor. Let's see—— (*Brightens, and points to NUGATA*) Nugata! (*Sorrowfully*) No, no! It must be someone in the house. As the Empress says: "Oh, if Wiggins was alive!" (*He clasps his hands at picture on wall R.*)

REGINALD. *I have it!* Why not get—— (*NUGATA has come between them c., and REGINALD picks*

up card and reads) "Mr. James Roberts." (NUGATA goes out R.3E.)

TOM. James Roberts? (Enter ROBERTS c. from r.) Great Scott! Whatever you do, don't let him get out. (Picks up a chair. REGINALD picks up a chair also.)

REGINALD. Isn't it the loveliest thing! Where's your gun?

ROBERTS. (Advancing down c. He is dressed in a very short, light overcoat with a small dicer on his blonde head. His trousers are turned up, showing half-shoes and red hose. He wears a red tie and fancy vest. In his hands he has grips and bundles of various kinds. He stands, smiling, but hesitatingly. He speaks in a high voice, slightly sing-song) Ah! Oh! If you please, gentlemen, could you tell me twooly, is this Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house?

TOM. (Straightening and placing his hands awkwardly, mocking ROBERTS) Oh! Ah! We might, if we cared to. (Dropping his voice threateningly) But who are you, anyway?

ROBERTS. (Dodging) Oh—ah, I forgot. I am James Wobberts. Ah, or wather, as they will enwoll me, I am James Wobberts, Freshman.

TOM and REGINALD. (Laughing and putting down chairs. Mocking his tone) James Wobberts —Freshman!

ROBERTS. (Plaintively) Yes. And don't you know, I got off the train an hour ago, and I've been wandering around here ever since, looking for this house, don't you know.

TOM. Poor Freshie! Well, this is the place, all right. But you'll have to—

BYRON. (Off R.3E.) Very well. Very well!

REGINALD. There comes your father.

TOM. The deuce! I'd forgotten him. What shall I do? (ROBERTS stands innocently. TOM and REGINALD look at each other, out at audience, back

to each other, then at ROBERTS. With a last glance of triumph at the audience, they jump at him and catch him on either side, knocking his bundles every which way. They rush him quickly to sofa R. and sit him on it. He is very scared. TOM crosses and catches him by the left arm.) See here, Freshie!

REGINALD. (*Crossing back of ROBERTS and taking his right arm*) The very man! (*As soon as ROBERTS is on the sofa—REGINALD R. of sofa*) Freshie, you've got to be a Professor for a couple of hours.

ROBERTS. (*Trying to get away. He is very scared throughout the scene*) See here, now—hold on! Don't hurt me! Honest, I never did anything wrong. Don't hurt me!

TOM. (*L. of sofa*) Shut up! You've got to be a Professor.

ROBERTS. Professor? Hold on! Don't! I'm not a Professor—only a Freshman.

REGINALD. That's all right. This is where you get promoted. Tom, get your wigs and make-up. (*TOM goes L.3E. REGINALD threatens with his fist.*) Now see here, you Freshman! My chum there is in trouble, and you're the only one who can help him out. Sit down! (*ROBERTS tries to rise but is pulled down. This business should continue at favorable places through this scene.*)

ROBERTS. But weally—

REGINALD. Shut up! His father has come unexpectedly, and we must have a Professor to tell him that my chum is a star student.

ROBERTS. (*Rising*) Well, why don't you get one?

REGINALD. Sit down! Because we can't. All we can do is to get someone to play the part about two hours until his father goes home. (*Sternly*) And you're the one that's going to do it. Come on, Tom. (*Enter TOM L.3E., carrying box containing a*

couple of towels and ROBERTS' Svengali wig and whiskers. He stands L. of sofa.)

ROBERTS. But I'm not a professor!

TOM. Of course not. You don't suppose that anyone would accuse you of looking like one!

REGINALD. Well, I guess not. Look at that face! (ROBERTS' face is working spasmodically.)

TOM. Oh, you needn't be afraid! We'll fix that face up so that *Mama* won't know you. Take off that hat! (REGINALD takes it off and places it handy, back of sofa. TOM drops wig box on floor at L. of sofa. Kneels and commences to rummage through it, throwing out wig, whiskers and towels.) What's the color of his hair?

REGINALD. Cross between magenta and vanilla ice cream.

TOM. Won't do! Ah, here we are! (Holds up a *Svengali red wig*.) Just the thing!

ROBERTS. Oh-ah-weally now, don't! For goodness' sakes! Not that! Can't I be a Professor without putting on that?

REGINALD. Absolutely indispensable! On it goes!

ROBERTS. Oh, say—hold on!

TOM. Shut up! (Puts on wig. REGINALD straightens it in shape.) There, you're a regular crackerjack. Now for the whiskers.

ROBERTS. (Making a desperate attempt to escape) Oh, say, no! Not whiskers! What would *Mama* say! (Talks inarticulately as TOM puts them on. He does this in front of him and REGINALD puts little dicer on his head, all out of sight of the audience. They then jerk him quickly to his feet. He falls from side to side, business ad lib., ending with a picture. ROBERTS in center, TOM and REGINALD laughing on side.)

REGINALD. (R.C.) Talk about your Svengalis!

TOM. (L.C.) La, la, la, la, la!

ROBERTS. That's right, laugh at me! I wish I were home with Mamma!

TOM. (*Threateningly*) Look here, James Wobberts. If you don't do as we say, we'll proceed to dance a hornpipe on your last remains. But if you play your part, and tell my father I'm a good student, we'll let you off in a couple of hours. Take your choice.

ROBERTS. Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do? All wight! I'll do it,—if you weally won't hurt me.

TOM. Now you're sensible! All you have to do when father asks if I'm a good boy is to say, "Oh, yes," like that. (*TOM pronounces it most assuringly.*)

ROBERTS. (*Weakly*) Oh, yes, like that.

TOM. No! Get some feeling into it. *Oh, yes.* You see? Am I a fine student?

ROBERTS. (*Imitating Tom*) *Oh, yes.*

TOM. Good! Hold on, that coat won't do. Reggie, get my frock coat and top hat. (*REGINALD exits L.3E. and immediately returns with hat and coat.*) Now, Freshman, if you're anxious to juggle golden harps, you'll get a chance if you don't mind your business. Peel!

ROBERTS. Eh? What?

TOM. Peel. Take off your coat.

ROBERTS. Oh, say, now, my Mama gave me this coat. Don't hurt me— (*They take it off and put the other on him and place hat on his head, making another picture. They hold this laughing.* Note: *The only coat taken off ROBERTS is the small, light overcoat, and this and the small dicer are dropped conveniently behind the sofa to be used later. The frock coat goes on over ROBERTS' sack one and later can be removed. This is true of the rubber which is used on whiskers, which should be adjusted under Svengali wig later, off stage.*)

REGINALD. (R.C. *Slaps ROBERTS on back*) Out of sight!

TOM. (L.C. *Does same on chest*) Fine!

ROBERTS. (*Coughing and straightening up*) See here, if I'm going to be a Professor, you can't treat me that way.

REGINALD. (*With mock humility*) Oh, excuse me, Professor—Professor—hang it! What's his name?

ROBERTS. (*Miserably*) James Wobberts—Freshman.

TOM. No, no! That won't do. You want to choke off your James—James? (*An idea strikes him.*) James? Why not?

REGINALD. Why not what?

TOM. Don't you see? *James*. We'll palm him off for the new Professor they have been expecting from Stanford to teach Mathematics—Professor James.

REGINALD. Professor James! Good! No one knows him, and he isn't expected for over a week yet. Fine! You shall be Professor James. (*Slaps ROBERTS on back again.*)

ROBERTS. Professor James? But say, you fellahs, what am I Professor of?

REGINALD. Mathematics!

ROBERTS. Mathematics! Oh, good gracious! I don't know a—a—blessed thing about it.

(Enter BYRON with DULCIE R.3E. TOM grasps ROBERTS' left arm and swings him over to his left, kicking him behind his back with right leg. REGINALD takes out box of wigs as soon as BYRON and DULCIE come down. ROBERTS L., TOM L.C., BYRON R.C., DULCIE slightly up. ROBERTS makes motions as if he would escape. TOM business, ad lib.)

BYRON. (*As he comes down*) Come on, Dulcie. Here is Tom.

TOM. (*To ROBERTS*) Remember!

BYRON. Well, well, my son, are you ready for me?

TOM. Well, I've done my best.

DULCIE. (*Coming down r.*) Tom, I like your boarding house ever so much.

ROBERTS. (*Aside. Getting interested*) Goodness! What a pretty little girl!

TOM. (*Kicking ROBERTS unseen*) Father, I wish to introduce you to one of my Professors. (*Enter MRS. WIGGINS R.3E. She stands up c.*) This is Professor James, my father. (*Takes ROBERTS' arm, speaking aside to him*) Walk—walk like a Professor! (*ROBERTS straightens up and goes over with burlesque dignity. Shakes hands with BYRON. He is very scared, however.*) My sister, Dulcie. (*Waves his hand.*)

ROBERTS. (*Goes r.c. REGINALD talks with BYRON. ROBERTS to DULCIE*) Chawmed! Weally glad to meet you, Miss—Miss— (*Aside to Tom who is standing c.*) Hang it! I don't know your name.

TOM. Harrington! Tom Harrington.

ROBERTS. (*Aloud to DULCIE*) Yes. Don't you know, pleased to meet you, Tom—Miss Harrington.

DULCIE. (*Aside*) What a funny old man!

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Coming down c. TOM goes away l. to l.c.*) So this is indeed Professor James! I received your letter. (*ROBERTS starts violently and appears very rattled. TOM is thunderstruck.*) I reserved that room for you. (*Points r.I.E. and crosses to it in front of ROBERTS and DULCIE.*) Right this way. (*She stands expectant.*)

ROBERTS. (*Feels helplessly around. BYRON is looking sharply so TOM stands still and dares do nothing. After an appealing glance about, ROBERTS*

suddenly straightens, and walks out R.I.E. majestically, and says, as Tom taught him—) Oh—yes! (Exit MRS. WIGGINS. REGINALD and DULCIE talk.)

BYRON. (*Gazing and puzzled*) Thomas, was that man a Professor?

TOM. Eh? Why, yes,—didn't he walk like one?

BYRON. He seems a bit queer.

TOM. Of course, he's a queer—but he's a Professor all right. (*Aside*) I ought to know, I made him one myself.

BYRON. How long has he been one?

TOM. About ten minutes.

BYRON. Eh?

TOM. Years—ten years.

BYRON. I don't understand. And a Professor, too. Now, I had no such opportunities. I studied by a pine-wood fire.

DULCIE. (R.C.) And you'll show me how they measure Freshmen this afternoon? Really?

REGINALD. Yes, but excuse me a moment, I must see Professor James. (*Goes into room R.I.E.*)

DULCIE. (*Calling over*) Tom!

TOM. (*Turning*) Dulcie.

DULCIE. And now that we are ready—

TOM. (*Smiling*) Yes.

DULCIE. Show us your Mathematics medal.

TOM. What?

DULCIE. Your medal.

BYRON. Ah yes, my son.

TOM. (*Utterly disconcerted*) Why, father, I—

I—

BYRON. Come, come, show it!

DULCIE. He's so modest.

TOM. Yes, that's it—I'm modest. (*Crosses*.)

BYRON. Come, come, now! No foolish pride, my son. Show your sister your medal.

TOM. What? Right now?

BYRON. (*Sternly*) Right now.

TOM. (*Collapses again, then shows in pantomime that an idea has struck him. He straightens up in a big bluff*) Oh, very well. But—you've got to turn away until I'm ready.

BYRON. What!

TOM. Yes, and close your eyes.

DULCIE. Yes, do it, papa!

BYRON. Er—oh, all right. (*He and DULCIE turn L., holding each other's hand.*)

TOM. (*Makes a quiet sneak toward WIGGINS' picture. Then turns and looks back, afraid*) Ah, you're peeking!

DULCIE. No, we're not. (*Tom gets one of the monograms hanging on the picture.*) But, Tom, hurry!

TOM. I am. (*Puts ribbon in his lapel.*) Ready now! (*They turn quickly. He swells up, pointing to the medal.*)

DULCIE. Oh, Tom, Tom! (*Runs to him and inspects the medal.*)

BYRON. My son, I'm proud of you.

TOM. No, father, I only did my duty.

DULCIE. (*Making a discovery*) But—but Tom, this is a W.

TOM and BYRON. What? Eh?

TOM. Oh—ah—yes. W.

DULCIE. But W can't mean Mathematics.

TOM. Oh, that's all right. It's only upside down. It's an M—see. (*Turns monogram*) W this way, but— (*Turns again*) This way M—Mathematics.

BYRON. Splendid, splendid, my son! Splendid! (*Takes a cigar out of his pocket and bites end off.*)

TOM. Hold on, Dad! You going to smoke?

BYRON. Yes, why?

TOM. Oh, it's all right, only they don't sell tobacco in this town. Against the law.

BYRON. Well, I'm glad of it. I don't want my

son to use tobacco. But I—well, I'll risk it. It's the last I've got, too.

TOM. Oh, well, then, I won't stop you. Go out into the garden—no one will see you there.

BYRON. (*Going c. to L.*) I'll return presently. (*Exits c. to L.*)

TOM. All right, father.

DULCIE. (*Running up L.3E.*) I'm going to see the room right now, so there! (*Runs out L.3E.*)

TOM. (*Who has been standing in doorway c. to L.*) No. Wait a minute. I want to explain. (*Exits hurriedly L.3E.*)

REGINALD. (*Comes out of R.I.E., laughing, as if puzzled. Points out c. to L., then R.I.E.*) She received a letter from Professor James! "Reserved a room"—What does that mean? (*Enter RUTH L.I.E.*) In that case Tom will have to— (*Sees RUTH*) Ruth!

RUTH. (*Coming down R.C.*) Good morning, Mr. Black. I have some news for you.

REGINALD. Yes, Ruth? Why, what is it?

RUTH. Mr. Harrington's father and sister are here—

REGINALD. Why, that's not news, Ruth. I knew that.

RUTH. Oh, but that's not all—Aunty is going to give an informal dance *to-night* in their honor.

REGINALD. Ye— (*Amazed*) To-night! To-night?

RUTH. Yes, why not?

REGINALD. They're not going to stay over until then.

RUTH. Oh, yes, they are! Aunty said so. (*Sits R. of table.*)

REGINALD. (*Half laughing. Aside*) Great Scott! Poor Tom!

RUTH. I'm very glad.

REGINALD. Why?

RUTH. Because you'll have to stay home one night, at least.

REGINALD. (*Delighted*) You want me to stay?

RUTH. (*Coldly*) No—both of you.

REGINALD. (*Crestfallen*) Not me alone? But you do care some? Oh— (*Comes close, kneels and catches her hand.*) But I'd stay home a year of nights if you only wanted me to, and would call me by my first name.

RUTH. Well, you might try it once in a while—a—a—Reginald. (*She rises and quickly gets on other side of the table, leaving him kneeling.*)

REGINALD. (*Rising and leaning across table*) Won't you please come back and say that again?

RUTH. Wait till you've earned it by staying home one night.

REGINALD. (*Bell rings outside*) That'll be tonight! May I have a dance?

RUTH. (*At door L.I.E.*) Perhaps.

REGINALD. (*Catching her hand*) The first?

RUTH. (*Looking at him sweetly*) Yes. (*Exits quickly L.I.E.*)

REGINALD. (*Very happy*) Well, I don't know! (*Commences a little skirt dance—going up c., backward*) Ruth, Ruth, my dainty little Ruth— (*He bumps into NUGATA who is entering c. from R. with card on tray.*)

NUGATA. Yis. (*REGINALD takes the card and comes down R.C.*)

REGINALD. (*Reading*) "Mr. and Miss Davenport!" More of them!

(Enter DAN and MARIAN c. from R. MARIAN is dressed in the height of fashion, and carries herself well. DAN is dressed in a long Prince Albert coat, dark vest and trousers short enough to show above ankles of boots which he wears. He carries a wide, soft Western hat, and wears

a low collar turning out at the points, with a string tie. He is a man of about fifty, gray, and slightly bald. He has chin whiskers. His nose is red. Exit NUGATA.)

DAN. (*Sizing up the place*) Wal, it looks respectable, and they all said 'twas, so I'd gamble we're in the right place. (*Sees REGINALD*) 'Scuse me, stranger, but is this Mrs. Wiggins' boardin' house? (*MARIAN stands L.C.*)

REGINALD. (*R.C.*) It is.

DAN. It's all right, Mary Ann. (*She sits on chair R. of table L.*) You see, stranger, I'm a-lookin' for the best place in Berkeley. Dan Davenant's got money, d' y' understand? And he's goin' to give his daughter the best lodgin's in the hull diggin's, if money can buy 'em.

MARIAN. (*Remonstrating*) Father!

REGINALD. Most assuredly, Mr. Davenant. My name is Black—Reginald Black. This is one of the best boarding houses here.

DAN. So I thought! So I thought! That's what they told my darter, Mary Ann.

MARIAN. Marian, father.

DAN. My darter, Mar-eye-ann, over in the city. Darter—Mr. Black. (*He indicates REGINALD with a wave of the hand, and turns up L., looking at the room. MARIAN advances to REGINALD and extends her hand.*)

MARIAN. I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Black. (*He bows.*) One of the college boys, I suppose? (*He nods again.*) You must pardon my father's frank manner. He has lived up in the Sierras all his life and is a little rough in his ways.

DAN. (*Who has heard the last part. L.C.*) You bet your sweet life, Black. I come from Angels' Camp, and I've got all kinds of rocks. I always want my darter to be comfortable, d' y' understand?

Why, last night we stopped at the Palace Hotel. I guess that's about the best you've got.

REGINALD. Angels' Camp! Palace Hotel! (*He is struck with an idea. Business. Looks at MARIAN. Aside*) By Jove! The gold saber!

DAN. Wal, I guess so! We went to a bang-kay over there last night.

REGINALD. Now I'm sure. (*In awed voice*) Poor Tom!

(Enter MRS. WIGGINS R.3E.)

MRS. WIGGINS. Ah, sir, I have just heard that you have come. (*She stands up c. DAN L.C. MARIAN L. by table. REGINALD R.C., from where he introduces.*)

REGINALD. Mrs. Wiggins, the landlady—Mr. and Miss Davenant. (*Mrs. WIGGINS and DAN shake for a long time. Mrs. WIGGINS finally withdraws her hand. Note: Be careful not to continue too long to spoil next laugh.*) I must find Tom. (*He runs L.3E., and looks in.*) Tom! (*Runs out c. to L.*) Tom!

DAN. Blame glad to know yeh, ma'am. I'm bringin' my darter here to be finished. I want her to board with you. Yeh just give her the best on the ranch, and I'm willin' to pay for it, d' y' understand?

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Lifting both hands impressively, and letting them fall*) Somebody—willing—to—pay! *Do I understand!* Very distinctly. And you?

DAN. Oh, I'm only goin' to stay a couple of hours.

MRS. WIGGINS. Then I have a room that will suit her upstairs.

MARIAN. (*Stopping*) Oh, yes, Mrs. Wiggins—if any letters come for me—

MRS. WIGGINS. Letters! You get letters, too? Excuse me, sir.

DAN. Yes.

MRS. WIGGINS. It's customary to pay in advance.

DAN. That so? How much?

MRS. WIGGINS. Forty dollars a month—in real money, not in letters.

DAN. (*Pulling out roll*) How about bills? Here—here's six months in advance. (Mrs. WIGGINS almost faints.) Give the change to Mary Ann.

MRS. WIGGINS. Most certainly, sir. Come, my dear. (Mrs. WIGGINS leads way out R.3E. and upstairs. MARIAN follows her, and DAN, who remains c., looks about. He peeps through door L.3E. Gives happy glance about.)

DAN. (*Going*) Gosh, but I'm dead for a smoke. I wonder where I can introduce myself to a wooden Indian. (*Exits R.3E. and upstairs.*)

(*There is a short wait, and ROBERTS' head appears cautiously through R.1E. He looks around, and seeing no one, comes silently down to c. and gazes out.*)

ROBERTS. (*In a low, awestruck voice*) I wonder what Mama would say! (*He waits.*) I seem to be a Professor, all wight. But I don't know geometry from a golf stocking. (*Enter BYRON c. from L.*) I wonder how much longer those fellahs—

BYRON. (*Coming down R.c.*) Ah, Professor, glad to meet you again.

ROBERTS. (*Losing all his assurance and quaking. Faintly*) Oh, ye-es!

BYRON. You seem to have a fine town here.

ROBERTS. (*L.C., as TOM taught him*) Oh, ye-es! Our town is quite a—a—town.

BYRON. (*R.c.*) By the way, I wanted to ask you something. Won't you sit down? (*Motions sofa r.* ROBERTS crosses and sits r. on sofa. BYRON sits

also on sofa to his L.) You have had my son Thomas in some of your classes, haven't you?

ROBERTS. (*Nervously*) Oh, ye-es!

BYRON. Now, I wanted to find out what kind of work he has been doing.

ROBERTS. Coarse work.

BYRON. Eh?

ROBERTS. Work in my course.

BYRON. Now, I never had any such opportunities as he has. I am a self-made man. I studied by the light of a pine-wood fire many a night, and all my education, sir—and I pride myself that I know a thing or two—was secured, sir, in that way.

ROBERTS. (*In tone conveying "just keep on, for goodness sake"*) Oh, ye-es.

BYRON. Now, you teach?

ROBERTS. Mathematics.

BYRON. Now, that was one of my strong points.
(ROBERTS *dodges with his knee and almost faints*.) My son's also. You gave him a medal in that.

ROBERTS. (*Weakly*) Oh, ye-es.

BYRON. Well, well, I'm glad to hear you say so. And how far has he gone?

ROBERTS. (*Scared out of his wits. Aside*) How far has he gone? Good gracious! (*Making a terrible bluff and bawling up the last in an extra effort as he hurries it out. Aloud*) I think he's gone almost as far as pazazza quadroons.

BYRON. (*Nodding*) But has he—

ROBERTS. (*Gaining courage. He has stolen a look, and sees BYRON is not on*) Oh, ye-es! He is all through with allah-pa-lallahs, and bi-examiners, including crackerjack razusas.

BYRON. (*Slightly stunned, but still convinced*) I see! I see! Ahem! I think I went nearly that far myself.

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es!

BYRON. But what else does he shine in besides Mathematics?

ROBERTS. What else? (*Aside*) He never told me. (*Aloud*) Oh, he's a fine Gweek student.

BYRON. Greek! Well, well, well! I'm glad to hear that.

ROBERTS. (*A shade of joshing in his tone*) Is that another of your strong points?

BYRON. No! No! But it has been my one desire to have a son who could speak in the grand old language of the ancients. (*Pleased*) Ah! He's just like his father.

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es. (*Rising, very nervously*) But good-bye. I must be going.

BYRON. (*Rising and shaking hands*) Good day, sir. I'm glad to have heard such a good report of my son from you. (*Goes L. to table and sits R. of it. Exit ROBERTS R.I.E. BYRON turns back.*) He can speak Greek! Well, well! (*Enter TOM L.3E., and comes down c. BYRON rises and goes to him, shaking TOM's hand*) Ah, Thomas, my son, congratulations!

TOM. (*Confidently*) Oh, don't mention it. (*Pause.*) What is it?

BYRON. Professor James tells me you are a fine student.

TOM. (*Aside*) Bless that Freshman!

BYRON. I am glad to learn this, my boy. And also that you speak Greek fluently.

TOM. Confound that Freshman!

BYRON. (*Sitting again R. of table L.*) Now, I want you to show me how you do it. Give me a little speech.

TOM. Greek? (*Aside*) Here's where I fall off the roof.

BYRON. Yes.

TOM. Oh, a Greek speech! (*Aside*) Well, I

suppose I'll have to give it to him. (*Aloud*) Will you have Monte Cristo's address to the Ephesians, or Ajax defying the lightning?

BYRON. You might give me the first one. It seems to me I've heard of Monte Cristo.

TOM. Let's see,—it begins: (*With great flourishes*) Oskey-wow-wow; Whiskey-wee-wee; O-ley—muckey-eye; O-ley Berekeley-eye; Cali-for-nia-eye; Wow!

BYRON. (*Slapping his knee*) Good! Good! (*ROBERTS enters suddenly in his pink shirt sleeves, minus wig and whiskers. Before BYRON sees him, TOM rushes him in the door, and slams the door quickly, making tableau with his back to the door, and his right hand stretched out.*) Capital, my son! Capital! (*Aside, chuckling*) Just like his father! (*He goes up to door c.*)

TOM. (*Going R. to in front of sofa*) Father, do you take the one or the two train?

BYRON. (*Stopping at door c.*) When?

TOM. This afternoon.

BYRON. Not after that speech. We shall stay over till tomorrow morning. (*Exits c. to L.*)

TOM. (*Dropping, astonished, on sofa*) What! Not going away to-day! (*Makes motions*) I see my finish. And just when I had things going so beautifully! (*Enter ROBERTS R.I.E. in his shirt sleeves, as before.*) Oh, I forgot you, Freshman. Get in there! (*He pushes him in R.I.E. ROBERTS protests in loud voice. The door closes.*)

(Enter DAN from upstairs R.3E.)

DAN. (*Coming down, and still looking around*) Wal, I'm dog-goned if I ain't alone at last. I wonder where a feller can get a cigar. I feel sort of—of caved in, after last night. (*L.C.*) And that young

Leftenant—say, wasn't he a gentleman! Wal, I guess. He could— (*Enter NUGATA c. from R., and goes toward R.3E.*) Say! (*NUGATA stops.*) You goo-goo-eyed son of a Mikady.

NUGATA. Yis.

DAN. Now, confidential-like, I want to ask you a question. (*Gives him a tip.*)

NUGATA. (*Pleased*) Yis.

DAN. Could you get me a smoke?

NUGATA. Yis. (*Exits hurriedly R.3E.*)

DAN. (*Smiling and happy*) I thought I'd never get my mornin' puff. Couldn't leave my darter before. Now, a good, fat cigar—(*Raising his right arm*)—allus warms the cockles of yer heart— (*Stops, petrified, as NUGATA has come in R.3E. with two lighted punk sticks in his hand. There must be enough to make a smoke. DAN is excited.*) I wanted a smoke! Not a Chinese funeral. Is that all you've got?

NUGATA. (*Puzzled*) Yis.

DAN. Then where can I get one?

NUGATA. (*Frightened*) Yis. (*Retreats to R.3E.*)

DAN. (*Now puzzled*) I guess you're kinder locoed, ain't ye?

NUGATA. Yis. (*Exits R.3E.*)

DAN. Wal, I'll soon find some one who will tell me. (*Exit c. to R. Enter TOM R.I.E.*)

TOM. (*Calling back*) Now, don't you forget, your name is James,—Professor James. I ought to know what your name is—Professor William James. (*Enter real PROFESSOR JAMES during this speech. He comes in briskly from R. to C. He is dressed in a cutaway frock coat, and is a young man. He wears small side whiskers, simply enough to indicate age. He carries a small gript, an overcoat and hat. He comes down L. and places his hat and coat on table L. and comes across toward REGINALD and*

TOM. *Hands Tom a card.* TOM takes it and reads) "Professor William James." (REGINALD enters c. and comes down to TOM. TOM falls speechless into REGINALD'S arms. REGINALD lets him down on sofa.) Talk to him, Reggie. I'm speechless!

REGINALD. (Meeting JAMES) Pleased to meet you, Professor James; but you know, we—we—I—I—you know— (Going back to TOM) Oh, hang it, I can't!

TOM. (As ROBERTS' voice is heard off R. expostulating) All right. A few more lies can't hurt me. Quiet that Freshman, and I'll get rid of him. (REGINALD exits R.I.E.)

JAMES. Excuse me, sir—

TOM. Yes, this is the place, but you see we're full.

JAMES. Eh?

TOM. The house, I mean, I'm awfully sorry, but we can't accommodate you. Good-bye. (Trying to jostle him out) Sorry you called.

JAMES. (Coming back) Stop, sir, what do you mean? I engaged rooms by letter.

TOM. (Still jostling him) Yes, I know; but they're gone now. Good-bye. (Comedy, hurry music of a light, snappy character is now played pianissimo, to the curtain.)

JAMES. But I—

TOM. Of course not—but quick, someone is coming. In here—

JAMES. (Expostulating. TOM pushes him toward L.3E.) But I don't understand this treatment.

TOM. Of course not. (Pushes him in L.3E. and shuts door.)

MRS. WIGGINS. (Enters R.3E. Crosses to TOM, who stands in her way) I wish to go in.

TOM. What for?

MRS. WIGGINS. Towels.

TOM. You shan't.

MRS. WIGGINS. Why not?

TOM. (*Loudly*) Because— (*Politely*) Our room is in order. We were out last night.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Suspiciously*) You're very considerate of me. (*Exits c. to L.*)

TOM. Always considerate. (*Opens door L.3E. and brings JAMES out.*) Professor James!

JAMES. (*Off L.*) Yes! (*Tom brings him in L.3E.*)

TOM. Now, we can't accommodate you, so go. Please go!

JAMES. But I engaged a room—

TOM. Yes, I know; but you must—quick! Behind this screen—someone else. (*Puts JAMES back of screen up R.C.*)

DAN. (*Enters c. from R. Goes down L.C. Tom down R.C.*) Ah, someone at last! I couldn't find that—What! Why, it's the Leftenant! Why, howdy, Leftenant Thomas.

TOM. (*Absolutely astounded. Almost faints*) What! You here!

DAN. Yes. Now, can you tell me—

TOM. But you've got to go—

DAN. Can you tell me—

TOM. (*Desperately. Half aside*) I can tell anybody anything. I'm a professional liar. (*Stopping shaking hands and taps his chest.*) But, see here, wait till you've seen your daughter.

DAN. My darter?

TOM. Yes. She's sick or something, and wants to see you right away.

DAN. Mary Ann! Oh, gosh! (*Exits hurriedly R.3E.*)

TOM. (*Runs back to JAMES, who is coming out from behind the screen*) Now go. Will you?

JAMES. (*Coming down L.C.*) I don't understand—where are my hat and coat?

TOM. (*Picking up ROBERTS' short overcoat and small hat from floor back of sofa R.*) Here they are. (*He puts them on JAMES, who protests all the while. The hat is too small and the overcoat reaches only to his waist.*) Look out! (*Shoves him again behind the screen and comes down c.*)

BYRON. (*Coming down L.C.*) Thomas, I've been looking for you.

TOM. (*Enter MRS. WIGGINS c. from L.*) That settles it!

MRS. WIGGINS. Dinner is served! (*Enter DAN R.3E., waving arms.*)

DAN. (*Down R.C.*) What do you mean, sir, by sendin' me—

TOM. (*c. Enter RUTH L.I.E.*) Now, don't get excited. *Don't get excited—it was all a mistake.* (*REGINALD enters R.I.E.*)

REGINALD. What's the matter? (*Enter ROBERTS R.I.E., and REGINALD holds him back.*)

DAN. Why, this—

BYRON. (*Who has gone up and sees JAMES back of screen*) What's this? (*Brings JAMES down c.*)

ALL. What's this?

ROBERTS. He's got my hat!

MRS. WIGGINS. What are you doing here? Who are you? (*Tom takes horn and flag from piano.*)

ALL. Yes. Who?

JAMES. (*Badly rattled*) James—you know—James.

TOM. (*Stepping between MRS. WIGGINS and JAMES*) Yes, James—you know—James Wobberts, Freshman. (*He shoves a gaudy blue and gold flag into one of JAMES' hands and a horn with large rib-*

bons of the same color into the other. JAMES stands, holding them.)

CURTAIN

(The hurry music is now played forte. ROBERTS making wild efforts to attract attention, but REGINALD holding him. TOM whirling JAMES around and forcing him toward door L.I.E.)

SECOND CURTAIN

ACT II

(*Orchestra silent.*)

(*The curtain down: MARIAN on stage plays short introduction and sings 16 bars of "Last Waltz," by Molloy. Curtain rises while she is singing (just afterward if singing is by someone else). The same scene is disclosed. MARIAN is seated at piano L.*)

MARIAN. (*Singing*) "After to-night, after to-night, what will to-morrow be? You in the light, I in the night, out on the rolling sea." (*Curtain rises. She strikes a few notes and lets accompaniment die away. Swings around on stool, and, resting her L. elbow on piano, gazes dreamily before her—speaking*) Ah, how he sang it! "You in the light, I in the night; out on the rolling sea." (*Sighs*) Ah! My Lieutenant! How handsome he was! And what a brave, soldierly air! And now he's gone—perhaps never to return. Ah—but he said he should, and I will believe him. "Remember me, Marian. I am going far away to that country of jungles and savages. If I do not return—" Oh, he will! Something tells me that I shall see him again. (*Feels saber at her throat.*) The little saber! Indeed, I will remember him! And to think that, even now, he is hundreds of miles away from me, out on the deep, deep ocean.

(*Enter TOM, gesticulating, L. 3E. He does not see MARIAN because of piano lamp to L. of piano. MARIAN sits playing very softly on piano. TOM crosses R. and sits on sofa.*)

TOM. (*Aside*) Well, I have made a beautiful mess of it! And the worst of it is—I can't draw back. But how could I know that things would turn out as they have? The idea of that real Professor turning up, and the miner Davenant, and Marian! I wonder if he has told her yet. She wasn't at luncheon. Oh, that luncheon! I thought I'd choke a dozen times. I had to talk all the time to keep that Professor still. But there's one thing: I'm glad he's such a freak, because I can put it over him for a while. But, Marian—I wonder how I can ever square myself— (*He has risen and gone L.C.* MARIAN *has risen from stool, and comes around table to L.C. They meet and almost bump before they see each other.*) Oh—ah—excuse me!

MARIAN. You, you're— (*Astonished*) What! Why—Lieutenant Thomas!

TOM. (*Slightly nervous, but self-possessed*) Yes. Ha! Ha! I'm here. How do you do?

MARIAN. Why—why—I thought—I thought—oh, dear!

TOM. You thought I was gone, didn't you? But I'm not. I'm here.

MARIAN. But—you said—

TOM. Yes, I said I was going. But—I was detained.

MARIAN. (*Delighted*) And you're not going at all?

TOM. Well, not for some time. You see, I've got to stay here.

MARIAN. Why?

TOM. Yes, why? (*Thinks as he turns around R. and back.*) Oh, you see, I've been sent here by the Government to take charge of the Military Department of the University—all the students drill, you know.

MARIAN. Why, isn't that nice! Then you'll stay here as Military Instructor?

TOM. Well, not long. (*Aside*) Calculating my chances at present, *that's no lie*.

MARIAN. Oh, that's too bad!

TOM. But how long are *you* going to stay?

MARIAN. All year. I'm going to take up some graduate studies.

TOM. (R.C. *Aside*) Great Scott! (*Aloud*) Isn't that *nice*!

MARIAN. Yes, isn't it? Then we'll see a great deal of one another?

TOM. I hope so. (*Aside*) If I live through it.

MARIAN. I'm sure we will. How strange, our meeting here. (*She crosses and sits on sofa R.*)

TOM. Yes.

MARIAN. (*Dreamily*) After last night—the music,—the lights,—the—

TOM. (*Starting to sit beside her*) The feed!

MARIAN. (*Surprised*) What!

TOM. (*Springing up again, confused, and bowing*) Oh, that is—I mean,—the—the—oh, you know.

MARIAN. No. I don't understand what you mean.

TOM. (*Brushing his forehead*) Miss Marian, I don't exactly know what I mean this afternoon, myself.

MARIAN. (*Offended*) Then you are in the habit of saying things you do not mean?

TOM. Yes—that is—no! I was talking of this after—last night—this afternoon. I meant every word I said last night.

MARIAN. I had believed so. You said you would always hold my image next your heart.

TOM. (*Half puzzled*) Did I say that?

MARIAN. (*Surprised*) Why!

TOM. Of course. I remember—your image. And, Marian, I have it here still. Do you think I'd forget?

MARIAN. Oh, forgive me. But—

TOM. This morning when I awoke, my first thought was of you.

MARIAN. And—and you sent me this little remembrance.

TOM. Yes. Can't you trust me?

MARIAN. I do trust you.

TOM. You're about the only one that does.

MARIAN. Why shouldn't I?

TOM. Yes, why shouldn't you? (*A short pause.*) But, Marian, you won't lose by it. (*A little sadly*) I may be a bad one. But somehow I pay in the long run. I—I—well, you're a trump. Stand by me for a while—won't you?

MARIAN. Stand by you?

TOM. Yes. I asked you last night to wait for me. Well, though I am not to go away, I don't know how long it may be before I can really ask you, you know—but some day—if I come to you—will you be waiting for me? (*She is silent.*) I know I may be butted out into the world to kick for myself right to-day, and it may be a long pull back, but—Marian—will you be waiting for me?

MARIAN. Yes. (*He embraces her.*) And we'll announce it to everyone right away. (*Rises.*)

TOM. Yes. Ah—no! (*Coming out of his trance, and rising*) Oh—I'd forgotten.

MARIAN. No?

TOM. No. I think we'd better wait until to-morrow. (*Very nervously.*)

MARIAN. (*Hurt*) Why not to-day?

TOM. (*Confidentially*) Thirteenth!

MARIAN. (*Happy again*) Oh, so it is! I had forgotten. (*Going L.C.*) To-morrow!

TOM. Yes—the day after my funeral.

MARIAN. After what?

TOM. I said the day after the dance.

MARIAN. Ah! You are going?

TOM. I suppose so. Which may I have?

MARIAN. Any you wish.

TOM. Well—(*Comes close*)—make it the first fox-trot, the first one-step, the second fox-trot, the second—

MARIAN. Oh, dear, that will do—for the present.

TOM. But I may have others?

MARIAN. Perhaps.

TOM. The first fox-trot, anyway.

MARIAN. Yes. (*Going R.3E.*) I wish to thank you again for this dear saber.

TOM. (*With airy disdain*) Don't mention it. A mere trifle! (*Stops her*) Just a moment. (*She comes down.*)

MARIAN. (*R.C.*) Yes.

TOM. (*L.C. Stealthily*) I know you can keep a secret.

MARIAN. A secret?

TOM. Yes. (*Mysteriously*) You have noticed the old gent with the whiskers—? (*Indicates side-burns.*)

MARIAN. Mr. Harrington?

TOM. Sh-h! Yes. It's too bad, but I feel it is my duty to tell you.

MARIAN. (*Frightened*) Why, what's the matter?

TOM. This morning he came over on the same boat with me. I know his secret.

MARIAN. Secret?

TOM. Yes. You must keep away from him and his daughter.

MARIAN. Why?

TOM. Why? (*Turns and does mysterious business to gain time.*) I suppose I oughtn't to tell on the old gent, but this morning he,—

MARIAN. (*Working up*) Yes, he—

TOM. He—

MARIAN. He—

TOM. (*Dropping the suspense*) He came over on the same boat with me.

MARIAN. (*Half provoked*) So you said; but is that any reason why I should stay away from him?

TOM. No. You must stay away from them because—because he and his daughter have escaped from the steamer China, which is held in quarantine because of the *balangalang fever on board*.

MARIAN. (*Horrified*) What! The balangalang fever!

TOM. (*Nods*) Don't go near them!

MARIAN. Well, I should think not! Ah, how can I repay you? How kind of you to think of my safety!

TOM. Yes, isn't it?

MARIAN. (*Going R.3E.*) My Lieutenant! (*Exit R.3E.*)

TOM. (*Stands musing*) Poor girl! That I should deceive such a trusting soul! Announce it to everyone! That would have butted me off the roof. Let's see— (*Counting fingers R.C., facing left*) There's father, Davenant, Marian, James, Wobberts, and—well that settles it. There's only one thing left to do, and that is to go up in a balloon and let them fight it out among themselves. (*Gazes L. Enter REGINALD R.I.E., dressed as in Act I. He slams the door. TOM jumps, but, recognizing him, rushes to him and tries to clasp his hand.*) Ah, there you are, at last, my true, noble friend. Tell me—

REGINALD. (*Stepping back, and looking at him*) Well, you *have* done it, haven't you? (*Laughs heartily.*)

TOM. Reggie, don't reproach me, I can't stand it. Do you suppose I can help it? (*REGINALD laughs again.*) That's right, laugh! I tell you, old man, this is no laughing matter. Now, suppose that Freshman—

REGINALD. Oh, don't worry about him. I decided he ought to be sick, so I put him to bed.

TOM. But the other—the real Professor James.

REGINALD. The real Professor James? (*Laughs.*)

TOM. Yes, what are we going to do with him?

REGINALD. Oh, he's easy. All you have to do is to bulldoze him. (*Looks at his watch.*) But I thought you had to go to the Gymnasium this afternoon to see Magee. Aren't you going?

TOM. What? Leave the field of battle when a single blunder may cost me my life? No, sir! I'll cut Gymnasium!

REGINALD. What? Cut Gym?

TOM. Yes, cut Gym!

REGINALD. All right, do as you please. But look out for Magee.

TOM. Oh, don't worry. You hunt up Dulcie. She mustn't be allowed to wander around alone.

(*Exit REGINALD L.3E. TOM c. to L. Enter JAMES L.I.E., dressed as in Act I.*)

JAMES. (*He is very assertive, and talks sharply and emphatically*) Most extraordinary. I have never seen anything like it. What a strange lot of people. They talk to each other without the least bit of meaning. "Wobberts"—now that was what that young man called me all the time. I wonder what he means? Most extraordinary! (*Enter NUGATA R.3E. JAMES R.C. looking after him as he goes across to dust table L.*) Ah, someone! Now I'll find out! (*Going over to NUGATA*) Ahem! Excuse me, sir, but I wanted to ask you something.

NUGATA. Yis.

JAMES. You are a servant here?

NUGATA. Yis.

JAMES. Well, then, you can tell me. Does every-

one act this way all the time? Are they just right here? (*Taps his forehead.*)

NUGATA. Yis.

JAMES. Well, they don't act like it, sir. They don't act like it!

NUGATA. (*Frightened*) Yis.

JAMES. You contradict me, sir? You're as bad as the rest, sir. (*NUGATA backs toward door c.*) As bad as the rest.

NUGATA. Yis. (*He backs out c. to L.*)

JAMES. (*Returning to R.C., disgusted*) Bah, I don't understand it. Now my ethical principles allow for no such conduct as this. Everyone acts as though he— (*Enter DULCIE c. from R. hurriedly.*)

DULCIE. Tom!

JAMES. (*Turning*) Eh?

DULCIE. (L.C.) Oh, excuse me. (*Aside*) The Freshman Tom introduced me to. (*Aloud*) I thought you were my brother.

JAMES. (*Pettishly*) Very well, very well. (*Aside*) Now, I wonder if this little girl could tell me?

DULCIE. (*JAMES is about to speak, but she stops him by saying shyly*) Have you been up to college yet?

JAMES. No. I just arrived a short time ago, I— I—

DULCIE. Of course, you're a little confused at first.

JAMES. Well, ahem! I must confess that I am.

DULCIE. Don't mind; they *all* are at first.

JAMES. Oh, *are* they?

DULCIE. Yes. But Tom knows what you must do. He will tell you all about it. Just ask him. He'll *initiate* you.

JAMES. (*Astonished*) Initiate me? Oh, he *will*! And, pray, who is Tom?

DULCIE. My brother. The one who introduced you when you came.

JAMES. Oh, that fellow! Will he explain all this? Are you sure?

DULCIE. Oh, yes. He knows everything. Are you going to the dance to-night?

JAMES. (*Disgusted*) Dance?

DULCIE. Yes. There's going to be one here—in honor of me. Now—I shall give *you* a dance.

JAMES. Ah, really, my dear child!

DULCIE. (*Starting*) Sir?

JAMES. Oh, I mean now, little girl, you can't expect me to dance with you. I? I? Why, the idea!

DULCIE. (*Offended*) Thank you, sir, I'm not a *little girl*. I'll be a Freshman *myself* in another year.

JAMES. But, really, to one of my age, such pleasures are not at all suitable. You must run away and find someone else to play with.

DULCIE. (*Angrily stamping her foot*) Sir? How dare you speak to me like that—(*Almost crying*)—when I did you the honor— (*Angry*) Oh, it serves me right for expecting anything of a—a—Freshman!

JAMES. (*Apologizing*) Really, now, my child—
(TOM enters hurriedly c. from R. He comes down c. rapidly. DULCIE breaks down and commences to sob when she sees him.)

TOM. Ah, there you are, Dulcie!

DULCIE. Oh, Tom, where have you been? I—
I—

TOM. Why, what's the matter?

DULCIE. Oh, you don't know *what* he's been saying to me!

TOM. (*Excited*) Don't you believe him, Dulcie. It's not so.

DULCIE. What isn't?

TOM. Er—eh—a—what he's been saying.

DULCIE. (*Pouting*) Of course it isn't. He said I was a *little girl*, and told me—(*Airily*)—to run away and play.

TOM. (*Relieved*) Oh, *was that all!*

DULCIE. All? Isn't that enough? I offered to give him a dance, and he *absolutely refused*.

TOM. (*In mock anger*) Oh, the wretch!

DULCIE. (L.C.) You'd do well to teach him some better manners. Why don't you, Tom?

TOM. (c.) Oh, yes—better manners! (*Turning to JAMES*) Why don't you have better manners, Mr. Wobberts?

JAMES. (R.C. *Nervously*) Don't talk to *me* of manners. And if you please, sir, I wish to have you distinctly understand that my name is James. Do you understand? James!

TOM. (*With mock modesty*) Well, ahem—I really didn't think I knew you well enough for that—but if you insist, I suppose I'll have to call you James. (*With glance at DULCIE*) Or if you prefer to be more sociable, we might call you Jim or *Jimmy!* (*Laughs.*)

JAMES. Jimmy? Bah!

DULCIE. (*Crossing TOM to R. and going up*) I hope you'll teach your friend, (*Turns back to JAMES*) *Jimmy*, a few things about common politeness. (*Exits c. to R.*)

JAMES. (*Looking after her*) *Jimmy!* Bah! (*Jumping angrily at TOM*) Now, see here, sir, I want to find out, sir, the meaning of all this. She said *you* knew all about it. Why am I called Wobberts? Why does everyone treat me so strangely? Are they all idiots?

TOM. (*Who has been standing calmly*) Now, hold on. Don't get excited. If there's anything I hate, it is to see a man get excited. There is nothing to rave about.

JAMES. Oh, isn't there? Then perhaps I am an idiot.

TOM. Well, that's not my fault.

JAMES. Your fault! Of course, I'm not an idiot.

TOM. (*Politely*) Well, you said you were.

JAMES. (*Very angry*) Not at all. I—I—insist on an explanation.

TOM. You do?

JAMES. Yes, I do.

TOM. You're easy.

JAMES. What!

TOM. It's easy. If you must have an explanation, I'm the man to give it to you.

JAMES. You are?

TOM. Yes. But you're making a big fuss for nothing. It is all a matter of your answering a simple question.

JAMES. Well?

TOM. (*Seriously*) Well, suppose a fellow—a sort of happy-go-lucky fellow—had gotten himself into a fix when he didn't mean to, and was sorry—real sorry,—for his conduct. Suppose he was about to be expelled from college for his misdeeds. Now, if he promised to do better and really meant it, would you help him to do so and keep his bad record from—from his parents?

JAMES. I? I? Of course not! If the fellow wasted his time, he deserves no mercy. I would show him none.

TOM. (*Sadly*) You believe in showing no mercy!

JAMES. None! But what of the explanation, sir?

TOM. No mercy! Here goes! You probably didn't get my letter?

JAMES. Your letter?

TOM. In regard to joining our faculty fraternity.

JAMES. Faculty fraternity?

TOM. Yes. Have you ever heard of the University of California, Roberts Society? (JAMES

shakes his head.) I notified you in a letter that you were to become a member. Your name is James. You become a Roberts. As a member, you are James Roberts.

JAMES. A member of the faculty secret society?

TOM. Yes. I am Lieutenant Thomas Harrington, in charge of the military department. I was delegated to receive you.

JAMES. (*Relieved*) Oh, you belong to the faculty!

TOM. (*Bracing up*) Yes. I receive you into our organization.

JAMES. But—but—I—I—don't understand.

TOM. Oh, but you will. First: We have a Roberts Society here, to which every member of the faculty belongs. Is that clear?

JAMES. (*Dazed*) Yes. But we don't have one at your rival college—Stanford.

TOM. Well, that's strange!

JAMES. But—

TOM. Second: You have been invited to join our society. Is that clear?

JAMES. Yes. But—

TOM. Third: You have been accepted. (*Warmly*) Congratulations, sir; congratulations.

JAMES. (*Helplessly*) But I—I don't understand.

TOM. (*Patronizingly*) Never mind, it isn't expected at first. You want to look up a few things, that's all—the grip, the sign, the password, and—and— (*Inspiration*) "Roberts Rules of Order." "Roberts," you see, that's where we get our name. (JAMES is overcome. TOM impressively) To-day you must serve as a novice under me.

JAMES. A novice?

TOM. Yes. You see, I am to initiate you.

JAMES. (*Convinced*) So the little girl said. But what does it mean?

TOM. The initiation requires that the novice shall serve as a Freshman for one day.

JAMES. What!

TOM. (*Sternly*) Such is the task that the Society has imposed.

JAMES. (*Angry*) Nonsense! I'll do nothing of the sort.

TOM. (*Courteously*) Then I am to tell the President that you refuse to join? (*Going.*)

JAMES. (*Overcome again*) Ah—well—no, no! Wait a minute! This is entirely new.

TOM. Well, I should think so!

JAMES. Let me think.

TOM. Certainly—if you can.

JAMES. But why must I be a Freshman?

TOM. Because necessity demands it. (*Aside*) And that's no lie.

JAMES. But why does necessity demand it?

TOM. (*Angrily*) Do you suppose I can stand here all day? You've had time enough. Either you join, or you don't. Which is it? (*Seems about to go.*)

JAMES. Just a moment—most extraordinary. (*TOM starts again.*) Very well, very well. I'll join conditionally until I see the President.

TOM. (*Aside*) Ah, by that time I'll be safe!

JAMES. But the passwords—the grip, and—

TOM. Oh, I forgot. We shake so. (*Grabs his hand, pulls it up high, then down low, causing JAMES to lose his balance slightly.*) Our password is a tune, which is whistled so: (*Whistles several bars of any college song.*) JAMES feebly puckers his lips, but makes no sound.) Now, the sign is given in three degrees. If you simply wish to call attention, you do this: (*Puts right thumb in right ear and waves fingers and hand, like a large donkey ear moving.*) The second degree is when you are in great trouble. You do this: (*Puts both thumbs in*

ears and waves both hands. JAMES imperfectly imitates him right along.) Now, if you are in extremities, you give the third degree. This: (He slaps both hands on his knees, then right on his knee, then left; right, and then both again—then brings wrists together, in air, a la hypnotic, twice, and waves his hands three times at his ears as before. NOTE: The patting of knees and knocking of wrists in air is done in the familiar time of the ending of a clog step, pum, tidderum pum—pum—pum. Or to describe it differently, its time is the familiar stamp of the college men after the "First in War," etc., or, "Sister Mary walks like this." JAMES puts his knees alternately in a helpless, puzzled fashion.) Now, if you get into trouble, just give me the sign or the password or song, I mean, and I'll put you right. (JAMES is completely overcome. TOM, smiling, taps him on the shoulder.) Think what it means to join such an organization! (Cheer is heard outside.)

(Enter DULCIE c. from r. She runs down.)

DULCIE. Tom! There's a large crowd outside drilling Freshies, and they want you to come out.

TOM. All right. (Goes over.) Good-bye. (He shakes peculiarly. JAMES puts his hand in his ear absent-mindedly. Exeunt TOM and DULCIE. NOTE: The idea is at this point for JAMES to grow more nervous and acquire the habit of going through the motions of the signs at opportune times pointed out below.)

JAMES. Bah! What is the matter with me? Have I heard aright? (He silently does the hand-shake. Puts his thumb in his ear and attempts to whistle the password.) Extraordinary! I might have expected it, though, from the actions of all the rest. What makes me so nervous? Ah, I should

never have left Stanford. (*Cheers outside—he is standing r.c., doing the same business.*)

(BYRON enters c. from L. He gazes out of window at rear in simple set—through conservatory glass in fancy—turns and looks at JAMES and his peculiar motions. The latter turns around slowly, still moving his hands until he sees BYRON. He suddenly takes down his arm, abashed.)

BYRON. Well, well. Thomas is making a speech! (Sees JAMES, and watches him.) Ah, my boy, I wonder that you are not out in front. There is a great crowd there.

JAMES. I don't think I care to go. (He makes some motions and whistles under his breath.)

BYRON. My son's making a speech. (Goes to window.) Listen! (Chorus outside: "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.) Ah, I tell you I'm proud of that boy, and he's popular, just like his father was. Why, he's a Lieutenant here.

JAMES. Are you sure?

BYRON. Of course I am.

JAMES. (Nods) Then it must all be true. (Does motions, turning as before and stopping when he sees DULCIE enter c. from R. She looks at him. At intervals outside cheers are heard.)

DULCIE. Papa, you should have heard Tom. He said— (Mimicking him oratorically) "As long as I am captain of the football team, the measuring of Freshies shall go on forever." (Looking at JAMES) Has—this person been measured?

JAMES. Why, no. I—I—

DULCIE. Then, Papa, I'll tell Tom and Mr. Black. to come in and measure him. (Exits c. to R.)

JAMES. (Following her down to c. door) Wait! Hold on! I am not—

BYRON. (*Who has followed him down and brings him back*) Now, my boy, don't object. You must have a military suit. Everyone has to get one. You've got to have it.

JAMES. (R.C.) But I don't need a suit! (*Enter DULCIE c. from R.*)

DULCIE. Here they come!

(*Enter REGINALD in uniform of Lieutenant, drilling two or three Freshman either in football or military suits. RUTH and MARIAN have drifted in back of conservatory, and watch next scene.*)

REGINALD. Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Squad—halt! (*To JAMES, R.*) Get into line, Freshie.

JAMES. (R.) I'll not do it.

REGINALD. What!

BYRON. (*L. Becoming provoked*) Come, come, now, my boy; don't disobey your officers. Fall in line like a good fellow.

JAMES. I say I won't.

REGINALD. Have you been measured?

JAMES. No. Nor I—

REGINALD. Then, into line you go. (*Shoves him into line c. The Freshmen are ranged parallel to rear flat along front of stage. JAMES takes position at R.*)

JAMES. (*Very angry*) See here, sir, this is an outrage. I'll report you, sir. I'll report you.

BYRON. (*Working up anger*) Don't you try to be angry, sir. It doesn't pay.

JAMES. Pay? Pay! Somebody will pay for this!

REGINALD. Get the step! Hip! Hip! (*They mark time. Enter TOM c. from R. He comes down R. Squad—halt! (Stops. Salutes.)*)

TOM. (*Sees JAMES and laughs*) Got 'em all, Lieutenant? (*JAMES wildly signals first degree. TOM refuses to see him.*)

BYRON. (*Very angry*) Tom, that Freshman refuses to do his duty. Admonish him.

TOM. (*Taken back*) What! I admonish him?

BYRON. Certainly.

TOM. (*In a mock commanding tone*) Do your duty!

JAMES. (*Signalling second degree and coming out of line*) Now, see here!

REGINALD. Silence, sir. (*Puts him back in line.*) Attention!

TOM. About face! (*Freshmen turn different ways awkwardly. JAMES stands still.*) Right face! (*Same business.*) Right. face! (*Same business. TOM is disgusted.*) Oh, face toward me. (*They do so, making a line which JAMES heads.*)

REGINALD. Forward—March! (*All start forward, but JAMES refuses to budge, and so they all smash together. BYRON is very angry.*)

BYRON. (*Wrathfully*) Tell him to do as he is told!

TOM. Do as you are told.

JAMES. (*Stepping out again*) Say, see here—I don't—

REGINALD. (*Putting him back and saluting TOM*) Lieutenant, if this Freshman doesn't want to drill, perhaps we'd better put him under the ice-water shower.

JAMES. (*Terrified*) Ice water! Hold on! You'll do nothing of the sort! (*Steps out and gives third degree.*)

REGINALD. (*Pulling him back*) Silence in the ranks!

JAMES. I protest. (*If the audience continues laughing, he can jump out and give the signal again, with REGINALD pulling him back once more.*)

BYRON. (*Who has been wildly walking back and forth*) I'll lose my temper in a minute!

REGINALD. Then it's ice water!

JAMES. No, no! I appeal to you, sir. (*To BYRON*) Don't let them perpetrate this horrible outrage.

BYRON. (*Very angry*) Don't you appeal to me, sir; *you do as you are told!*

JAMES. Bah!

TOM. Forward—march! (*REGINALD catches JAMES and leads him down c. and out—the Freshmen following. As JAMES goes, he is giving second degree signal. All off c. to R., except TOM and BYRON, who follow them down. Shaking his fist.*) Did you ever see anything like it, father?

BYRON. (*R.C.*) Never! Never! The impudent rascal! (*Crosses L.*) I haven't been so angry in years. (*ROBERTS enters suddenly R.I.E., and Tom rushes him in again and shuts door just as BYRON turns and comes back.*) There's something wrong with that Freshman.

TOM. (*Excited*) Eh? What! Which Freshman?

BYRON. The one who refused to drill.

TOM. (*Relieved*) Oh, the dummy!

BYRON. He's wrong somehow.

TOM. Of course. (*Confidentially*) Don't you know?

BYRON. Know what?

TOM. It's a sad case.

BYRON. What do you mean?

TOM. Now, he's of a fine family, and all that, but— (*He makes motion indicating wheels in the head.*) Buzzers!

BYRON. You don't say! Is he dangerous?

TOM. Didn't you see him?

BYRON. Yes, I remember. (*Apes third degree signal.*) What does that mean?

TOM. Anarchist. Always resists authority. If you hadn't helped me, goodness only knows what he would have done.

BYRON. Well, I'd like to see him try. I'll show him there's one man that stands for authority.

TOM. (*Patting Byron's back*) That's right. That's right, father! Stand for authority. Nobody wants him here. *I've* tried to keep him away. I can't do it. I guess we're both in for a general explosion.

BYRON. (*Swelling up*) Well, we'll see about that.

TOM. That's right. You just go outside and watch for him. If he tries to come in, throw him out.

BYRON. By gad, I will! I didn't split rails when I was a boy for nothing. (*Exits c to r.*)

TOM. (*Looking after him*) This is getting exciting! But I've got to pull him away before there's a bust-up. I'll do it if I have to forge a telegram. Oh, I'm getting to be a double-dyed villain, but there's one consolation, my finish will be an extremely brilliant one. (*Exits L.3E.*)

RUTH. (*Enter RUTH and MARIAN c. from r.*) They measure Freshmen every year, poor fellows!

MARIAN. Measure? Why poor fellows?

RUTH. They pretend to measure them for military suits first, and knock them about. Then they tie a football to one of the men's wrists and have the others rush him.

MARIAN. Which do you suppose they'll rush?

RUTH. Well, from the way that new Freshman acted, I think it will be coming to him.

MARIAN. I love soldiers!

RUTH. (*Pointing at saber*) Perhaps you mean a soldier. Isn't it pretty?

MARIAN. (*Unclasping it*) Do you like it?

RUTH. It's the sweetest thing.

MARIAN. I have hardly had time to get a real good look at it myself.

RUTH. (*Surprised*) Did you receive it so recently?

MARIAN. (r.c.) Only this morning. It is dear.

RUTH. (l.c.) Tell me about it.

MARIAN. (*Sitting on sofa r.*) It isn't a long story, and really, Ruth, I've just been dying to tell some one.

RUTH. (*Sitting beside her*) Then tell me.

MARIAN. He is tall, dark and handsome. (NOTE: She uses some common features of TOM and REGINALD in adjectives.)

RUTH. Yes.

MARIAN. I met him last night for the first time. (RUTH nods.) It was in San Francisco, at a hotel with his regiment.

RUTH. A soldier! I knew it!

MARIAN. Yes, a soldier. But an officer and a gentleman. I sat with him all evening, and—and the lights were burning low, and he was going far—far across the ocean.

RUTH. (*Ecstatically*) Yes!

MARIAN. Well—I just couldn't help it. Before the evening was over, I thought a great deal of him.

RUTH. And the saber?

MARIAN. This morning he sent me this dear little saber as a remembrance and that is why I prize it so highly.

RUTH. Oh, then, he is on his way to the Philippines?

MARIAN. No, my dear, his plans were changed at the last moment, and he came here to Berkeley instead.

RUTH. What! Is he here?

MARIAN. Yes, in this very house. And this morning he asked me—asked me—(nods)—and I said—yes.

RUTH. (*Showing fear and concern*) He asked? Who—who—What is his name?

MARIAN. (*Rising and looking about*) You'll never—never tell? (*RUTH shakes her head.*) It was the one who was drilling those Freshmen—Lieutenant Thomas! Mind, don't tell! (*Goes up and out R.3E. and upstairs.*)

RUTH. No, I won't. (*Astonished. Rising*) Why—what does she mean? Reginald was drilling those Freshmen. (*Crosses L. and sits R. of table*) Can it be that he— (*She gradually turns from anger to sorrow and weeps as TOM enters L.3E., whistling.*)

TOM. Now, if that telegram doesn't take him— (*Sees RUTH*) Why, what's the matter, Ruth?

RUTH. (*Sitting up and drying her tears*) Oh, Mr. Harrington, I'm so miserable.

TOM. What is it?

RUTH. You can help me. *You were here with Mr. Black just now—you were with him in San Francisco last night—there were only you two.*

TOM. Yes.

RUTH. Well, *who is Lieutenant Thomas?*

TOM. (*Astonished*) Lieutenant Thomas?

RUTH. It was either you or he. (*Rises*) Which of you is Lieutenant Thomas?

TOM. Why—why, Black, of course. (*RUTH gazes solemnly at him and marches angrily out R.3E., crossing up stage, and not between TOM and the audience. TOM follows her around with his eyes, turning—his back to the audience—from left to right, and stops a second to see her go out. Then wheels quickly to the front. He looks at the audience, then gazes down at footlights, perplexed*) Now, I wonder what she wanted to know for. Well, I saved myself. That's one on Black! I must inform him that he is Lieutenant Thomas. I'll give father this telegram—perhaps it'll take him away. (*Shakes his head.*) But every way I turn, I seem to be up against it. (*This last at ROBERTS who puts*

his head out of R.I.E. TOM goes out c. to L. ROBERTS sticks his head out again, and seeing no one, walks down R.C. He has all his bundles, etc.)

ROBERTS. He called me an IT! Well, I'm tired of being it. I'll not stay here any longer. I've tried to get out of here three times to-day and every time I get to the door, they bring me back, and they—*(Dropping his voice)*—put me to bed. *(He starts for c., but just then DAN comes in, c. from L., and he drops his bundles. DAN helps him pick them up and takes them from him.)*

DAN. What! Movin' in? Let me help you, *(He takes things out and leaves them in R.I.E., and returns. ROBERTS stands helpless.)*

ROBERTS. Oh, good gracious. I'll never get out of this place.

DAN. *(Crosses to L.C.)* There you are. Fixed slick as a whistle. And I want to talk to ye. Sit down.

ROBERTS. *(Crosses and sits L. of table. DAN r.)* Oh, ye-es!

DAN. Well, my gal's goin' here to college, and I want you to help her with her studies. I don't care what it costs. You do the business, and I'll pay your own price.

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es.

DAN. Here's your deposit. *(Gives him paper money.)* Two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o!

DAN. Yes, sir, I insist.

ROBERTS. I'll be awested, sure!

DAN. And—confidential-like—can you tell me where I can get some tobacco—any kind?

ROBERTS. Oh, I don't know where.

DAN. Thought so! That's what they all say. I never seen such a dog-goned town.

ROBERTS. Do they all say that?

DAN. Leastwise, all but a couple. And they said "go to the widder." Now what did they mean?

ROBERTS. Maybe they meant Mrs. Wiggins. You know Wiggins isn't alive.

DAN. That's so. Wonder I didn't think of it. I'll ask her. Have ye seen her lately?

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o!

DAN. I seen her at dinner. Quite a pert lookin' widder. Eh?

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es. (*DAN exits R.3E.*) I don't want this money. (*He exchanges the money from one hand to another as if to rid himself of it. Puts it on table, then thinks better, and picks it up and puts it in his vest pocket.*) I want to go home. And, if I have to leave all my things behind, I'll get out of this abominable house.

(Enter BYRON and DULCIE c. from r. ROBERTS runs up and they meet him just at the door. BYRON brings him down, shaking hands.)

BYRON. (*Very excited. Earnestly*) Professor James, I'm glad to see you at such an important moment. Dulcie must not be outside. There is work to be done there. Dulcie, stay here with Professor James. I shall expect you, sir, to give her some *fatherly* advice.

ROBERTS. Oh, yes! (*BYRON exits c. to r., gesticulating as excited.*)

DULCIE. I'll have a horrid time talking to this old Professor. (*Edges away.*)

ROBERTS. (*Warming up*) Don't you know, I'm glad to be here with you, Miss Harrington. Why, when I met you this morning, I thought you were a —a beaut!

DULCIE. Professor James!

ROBERTS. I mean, I wanted to meet you again, don't you know.

DULCIE. (*Amused*) Did you?

ROBERTS. Ye-es, of course!

DULCIE. How different from that Freshman!

(*Sits on sofa.*)

ROBERTS. (*Sits on sofa*) Well, I guess. I--ah—like you very much.

DULCIE. Do you?

ROBERTS. Yes. You're the first one I've seen that I like real well.

DULCIE. And—and I like you.

ROBERTS. (*Coming closer to her*) You do? You do? Oh, I say now, isn't this jolly! You're the nicest girl I ever met. I hope you'll stay here some time. We'll get to know each other real well. What did you say your first name was? (*Catches her hand.*)

DULCIE. Dulcie.

ROBERTS. Say, that's a sweet name. (*She laughs.*) Almost sweet enough to make a fellow— (*Puts his arm around her waist and is about to kiss her.*)

DULCIE. (*Solemnly, with wide eyes*) Why, Professor, is this *fatherly* advice?

ROBERTS. (*Jumping back, clasping hands*) Oh, ye-es!

DULCIE. I thought we were going to talk about awfully—awfully dry subjects, and—and everything like that.

ROBERTS. Why?

DULCIE. Aren't you a Professor?

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o! Oh, ye-es!

DULCIE. Professors always talk about those things. Don't they?

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o. Not very often. I—ah—I would rather talk about things that you like. Confound these whiskers!

DULCIE. Why, Professor, don't you like them?

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o. Not always.

DULCIE. Why not?

ROBERTS. (*Beginning to get nervous*) Because they make me look too old, you know.

DULCIE. But you *are* old, aren't you?

ROBERTS. Oh, no-o. Not much older than you are.

DULCIE. (*Very much surprised*) Then what do you wear them for?

ROBERTS. Oh, ah—I—I have to look *old* to *hold* my job.

DULCIE. Oh.

ROBERTS. Besides, they keep my face warm.

DULCIE. You *have* got a warm face.

ROBERTS. Oh—ah—say, now you're joking!

DULCIE. (*With mock seriousness*) Don't you like jokes, Professor James?

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es! Sometimes—but in vaudeville, you know.

DULCIE. (*Springing up and doing cake walk to c.)* What! Song-and-dance stuff?

ROBERTS. (*Jumping up*) Well, I should say so! Do you ever go?

DULCIE. When Papa takes me.

ROBERTS. (*Excited*) Then suppose I take you—

DULCIE. Out into the conservatory? (*Catches up her hat.*) Certainly. (*Runs out c. to L.*)

ROBERTS. (*Looking at audience, and making motion as if hugging someone*) Oh, ye-es! (*Exits, running after her c. to L.*)

(Enter NUGATA c. from r. with book.)

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Calls off r.*) Nugata! Nugata!

NUGATA. Yis.

(Enter MRS. WIGGINS r. *hurriedly.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Nugata! You good-for-nothing creature, why are you not in the conservatory decorating for to-night's dance? (*Strikes book out of his hand.*) Go in and attend to it. (*Exit c. to l.* NUGATA recovers book and returns to meet DAN, who enters hurriedly R.3E. in pursuit of MRS. WIGGINS.)

DAN. I seen her come this way. (*To NUGATA*) Did she go out there? (*Points c. to r.—the wrong way.*)

NUGATA. Yis. (*DAN exits c. to r.*)

(TOM enters c. from l. NUGATA goes to him and clutches him, indicating by motions that someone outside wishes to see him.)

TOM. What is it? Someone to see me?

NUGATA. Yis.

TOM. Well, I won't see him!

NUGATA. Yis. (*Exit c. to r.*)

TOM. Another hope gone. This telegram didn't work, and I can't turn poisoner. (*Enter DAWLEY c. from r.*) There's one chance— (*Sees DAWLEY*) But it isn't that.

DAWLEY. I'm looking for you.

TOM. Well, that's your business. But I'm busy. You'll have to call again.

DAWLEY. I won't call no more. You tinks you can do me—well, you're way off your bizeenis.

TOM. Now look here! You'll have to go. You can't stay here.

DAWLEY. Where does you tink I'll go?

TOM. Anywhere. I don't care. That's none of my business.

DAWLEY. Well, I tell you dis: I don't go outside. I stays here till all these bills are paid. I have been round town collecting them together. And here they are—two hundred and twenty-five dollars!

TOM. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars!

DAWLEY. Yes. And I gets it, or I goes to your old man.

TOM. The Governor! (*Surprised.*)

DAWLEY. Ye-es. I heard he was here, and so I come. Widder Maguire, who keeps tobacker on the side, is coming, too.

TOM. Widow Maguire! Oh, I see. (*Dropping boldness, and becoming suave*) That's right. I don't blame you. It should have been paid long ago. You'll find my father in there— (*Points R.I.E.*) He has long hair and extensive— (*Makes motions of a beard.*)

DAWLEY. (*Going R.*) Well, he comes across with de dough this time. See! (*Exits R.I.E.* TOM calmly locks the door, and turns around just in time to see WIDOW MAGUIRE, who enters c. from R. and comes down c. TOM meets her suavely.)

TOM. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Maguire? I'm very pleased to meet you. Won't you sit down?

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (*Sitting R. of table L.*) I called to see—

TOM. About the little bill for smokes? Oh, you needn't have called.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Yis, but I was afther needin' a bit of money, and I—

TOM. Certainly, certainly! But there was no cause for haste. Perhaps you think you're the only one I owe.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. No, I didn't.

TOM. Well, then, you're not in such bad company. Do you know Hogan, the tailor?

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Yis, and he's a—

TOM. Well, he's no better than you are.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (*Angry*) Well, I guess not!

TOM. Of course not! You're as good as he is. You ought to be satisfied to be in such company. Just think, I owe you more than any of them!

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (*Proudly, but obscure*) Yis, sorr, I know! I know! But I need the money.

TOM. (*Smiling*) Certainly. So do I. But, good-bye. I'll call over to-night, and settle.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (*Rising*) Yis. But Mr. Dawley said your father was here. And I'm going to see him.

TOM. The deuce! He's gone out. You'll have to come again.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (*Sitting again*) Oh, no. I guess I'll wait here.

TOM. That won't do. Let me see, yes—he's upstairs. (*She rises and he shows her across.*) First door to the right. He has chin whiskers and high boots.

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Oh, I'll find him. (*Goes upstairs, R.3E.*)

TOM. (*After her*) Yes! Tell him it's a bill for tobacco, and it'll be all right. (*Gaily to the audience*) Every little helps!

BYRON. (*Entering c. from R.*) Thomas, my son!

TOM. What is it, father?

BYRON. The anarchist!

TOM. The anarchist!

BYRON. See there! (*Points through window, or out R.*) He's running, and all the others are after him. What's that ball he's carrying?

TOM. Ball? Dad! It's a bomb!

BYRON. A bomb! Well, I'd like to see him try to bring it in here!

TOM. That's right, dad! Throw him out. (*BYRON starts out.*) Hold on, father! I forgot. Here's a telegram for you. (*Hands it.*)

BYRON. Telegram! At such a time as this! Rot! (*He crushes it and throws it into the air.* Exit c. to R.)

MRS. WIGGINS. (TOM exits c. to R. Enter MRS.

WIGGINS c. from L.) I wonder what that miner wanted of me. He can't wish to pay his daughter's board bill. He gave me that in advance this morning. (*Sits r. of table L.*) Ah, what a blessing it would be to have a lot of money like that! Oh, if Wiggins was alive. (*Looks up at picture.*)

DAN. (*Outside*) Dog-gone that son-of-a-gun of a Jap! (*Enter c. from r.*) Ah, there she is—the widder! Gosh! How I hate to ask a woman where I can get a chaw of tobacco. But here goes! Ahem! (*Mrs. Wiggins turns. He stands scraping and bowing.*) 'Cuse me, madam, I wanted to talk to you confidential-like. I—I—

MRS. WIGGINS. About the room?

DAN. Oh, no. I—I—wal, it's *personal* what I'm goin' to say.

MRS. WIGGINS. Sir? (*Rising and crossing r. Aside*) What can he mean?

DAN. Now, I know I'm purty bold in askin' you what I'm goin' to, but I'm a blunt old widower, I am. I allus speaks right out.

MRS. WIGGINS. Widower! (*Melting. Coquettishly*) Oh, sir!

DAN. That's what I said! Now, I wouldn't be so bold if I didn't feel that I knowed yer before I spoke.

MRS. WIGGINS. (r.c.) Bold? You naughty, naughty man!

DAN. (l.c.) I've been noticin' you since I come, and wal—I like yer. And I know I can trust yer.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Aside*) Oh, how can he! When I've only known him since this morning. Sit still, my little heart!

DAN. So I come to you this afternoon to ask yer—to ask yer—well,—er will yer—will yer—

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Throwing herself in his arms, l.c.*) Oh, sir, if you really wish it, I am yours!

DAN. Holy smoke!

(BYRON has entered hurriedly c. from L. in time to see last of above. Comedy hurry music in orchestra pianissimo to curtain.)

BYRON. What is this, sir?

DAN. Hold on! Hold on! It's all a mistake.

(Enter MARIAN R.3E. with WIDOW MAGUIRE.)

MARIAN. Father! What are you doing?

BYRON. Hugging the widow! Disgraceful! (He storms up and down c.)

(Enter TOM c. from r. who hears following from WIDOW MAGUIRE.)

WIDOW MAGUIRE. (To DAN) Oi wants my money! (TOM throws up arms and goes behind screen.)

BYRON. What money?

MARIAN. (R.C.) She has a bill for tobacco.

BYRON. Tobacco! Are you going to pay it? (TOM comes down c. back of BYRON.)

DAN. No, by gosh! I—I—

BYRON. (Very angry) I thought you had money!

DAN. I have! (Produces roll of bills.)

BYRON. (Fiercely) Then pay it. (Takes roll and gives it to MRS. MAGUIRE.)

WIDOW MAGUIRE. Many thanks! (TOM grabs her and rushes her out c. to R. after ROBERTS and DULCIE come c. from L., doing a cake walk. They do not see the others, and come down.)

BYRON. (Very angry, getting more and more so to climax) Why don't you pay your bills? Such conduct— (Sees ROBERTS and DULCIE—he is L.

of her, she next to BYRON.) What! Professor James! What are you doing? Dulcie! (*Swings her out of reach across him. She stands with MARIAN back of sofa.*) Disgraceful! I never saw such conduct.

(*Door R.I.E. opens and DAWLEY enters, breaking the lock.*)

DAWLEY. I'm tired of dis!

ALL. What?

TOM. There he is. (*Points to ROBERTS.*)

DAWLEY. (*R.C. Going over and shaking fist at ROBERTS*) Are ye goin' to pay over that money?

ROBERTS. (*L.C.*) What money?

DAWLEY. The two hundred and twenty-five.

ROBERTS. I'm awested!

BYRON. Pay it, sir.

ROBERTS. (*Scared*) Oh, ye-es! (*Produces money that DAN gave him. BYRON takes it and gives it to DAWLEY.*)

TOM. That's right, father! (*DAWLEY goes R. and up and stands. Crash outside. BYRON goes R.C.*)

(*Enter JAMES C. from R. with torn suit and black eye. He has a football under his arm. REGINALD and two Freshmen in football suits appear and come down. Freshmen standing up L. REGINALD behind MARIAN and DULCIE. JAMES runs down to L.C. beside BYRON, who is now crazy with anger. JAMES raises arm to which the football is tied.*)

JAMES. (*Wildly*) This is too much!

TOM. (*Punching BYRON. Loudly*) Look out for the bomb!

BYRON. (*Loudly*) Stop, sir! (*All scream.*)

BYRON grabs JAMES and, rushing him down c. and out L., throws him through the conservatory back-ing. Crash of glass and wood. Music becomes forte.)

CURTAIN

(BYRON comes down c., shaking his hand proudly and vigorously. TOM meets him and congratulates him, patting him on the back. MRS. WIGGINS falls in DAN'S arms. MARIAN and DULCIE into REGINALD'S.)

SECOND CURTAIN

ACT III

Same setting, but the scene is night, with lights lit.

*Room decorated in college colors and flags.
Curtains up. Music, "Last Waltz," the first 16
bars. TOM is in evening dress, and is discov-
ered sitting on sofa R. The music continues
very softly. NUGATA enters and hands TOM an
envelope which TOM takes. Speaks to NUGATA.*

TOM. Oh, my poor head! It is almost overcome by the events of the last few hours.

NUGATA. Yis.

TOM. A net is gradually winding about me, and I cannot move. A weight is hanging over my head which—presto!—(*He pretends to cut the cord*)—and I am crushed under my own—Mathematics medal.

NUGATA. (*Solemnly*) Yis.

TOM. The worst of it all is that I can't think. Every time any one speaks to me, there is but one thought that "springs eternal in my human breast." *Lie*, for you know not whence you come, nor why. *Lie*, for you know not why you go, nor where.

NUGATA. Yis.

TOM. I always wondered how a man felt while working in a nitro-glycerine factory. (NUGATA goes to table L. TOM looks at him sadly) Nugata, you are a happy man. And to think that you know all about it and could set everybody right, if you could

say anything but, Yis. (*NUGATA has gone over and is wiping the piano with a chamois. He turns around. TOM crosses and lays his hand on his head.*) Blessed youth, happy in the possession of peace. (*The music should stop about here.*)

NUGATA. (*Frightened, and making his escape R.3E.*) Yis.

TOM. (*Opens letter*) I thought so! (*Reads*) "My Dear Sir: Unless you see me to-night and explain your position in regard to your Gymnasium work, you must certainly leave college. Walter E. Magee." Poor Professor Magee! How I have treated him and his Gym work! Why, I haven't been near the place in weeks, and cut the work entirely. But I must see him at once. I can't risk it. (*He exits L.3E.*)

(Enter DAN from upstairs, R.3E., shaking his head.)

DAN. Wal, of all the blamedest things I ever seen, if that ain't the worst! *Ask for tobacco, and git a widder!* (*TOM has stepped into his room and procured his hat. Enters L.3E. DAN sees him.*) Why, howdy, Leftenant! Just the man I wanted to see. Now, I started to ask you this mornin' where—

TOM. Yes, I know. But I'm going out in an awful hurry.

DAN. Now look-a-here, Leftenant! I've been lookin' all day, and I'm clean tuckered. You've got ter—

TOM. Yes, when I come back. I've got to square myself with Magee. See here, tell Black, if you see him, that I cut Gym and I'm going to see Magee and square it. That's all. (*Exits C. to R.*)

DAN. I wonder what's the matter with that young feller? He didn't act that way last night. "Tell

them I cut Jim and am going to square it with Maggie!" That's queer.

MRS. WIGGINS. (*Off L.*) Nugata! Nugata! (*DAN listens a second, then makes a wild dash upstairs R.3E. MRS. WIGGINS calls, still off*) Nugata! (*She enters c. from L. and comes down. She is in an ancient ball dress of the time of 1880.*) That good-for-nothing creature! It's almost time for the dance. Nugata! (*Enter RUTH R.3E., who comes down r. moodily.*) Come, Ruth, you must go in with me and receive the guests.

RUTH. I don't think I shall go in to-night, Auntie.

MRS. WIGGINS. Why not?

RUTH. Oh, because—

MRS. WIGGINS. What? Not on this happiest of all nights! Why, I've hired an orchestra in honor of the day. I shall lead the march with Mr. Davenant. (*This last archly.*)

RUTH. But, Aunty, wasn't that rather sudden?

MRS. WIGGINS. Oh, dear me! I realized that the poor man was madly in love with me this morning.

RUTH. This morning!

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes. I realized this morning that his heart was yearning for something. And to think that it was my love!

RUTH. But are you sure?

MRS. WIGGINS. Sure! Why, Ruth, if you had seen how he *pleaded* with me, and *begged* me to marry him!

RUTH. He did?

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes. Oh, I haven't been so happy since Wig—since Wig—ah—for a *very long time*.

RUTH. (*Gloomily*) Well, I'm sure I'm not.

MRS. WIGGINS. Well, you must come in, Ruth. (*Archly*) If you see Mr. Davenant— (*Going*)—

tell him that I am in there. (*Points c. to L. and exits same.*)

RUTH. Everyone but me seems happy. Even—even Miss—Miss Davenant. Her Lieutenant, indeed! Well, I suppose I oughtn't to think of him at all now. I despise him!

(Enter DAN R.3E., talking to himself. He goes toward RUTH.)

DAN. Why, howdy, Miss. (*Goes on.*)

RUTH. My Aunty—Mrs. Wiggins, told me to tell you, if I saw you—

DAN. (*He has almost reached the entrance c. to L. He stops*) What?

RUTH. That she is in there. (*Points at door he is about to go through.*)

DAN. She is? Thank you, Miss. (*He makes his escape hurriedly R.3E.*)

RUTH. Shall I go in or not? (*She thinks.*) Yes—I will go in. I'll show him that I don't care. (*She starts to go out R.3E. Enter REGINALD L.I.E. He goes to her.*)

REGINALD. Ruth!

RUTH. Sir?

REGINALD. Where have you been all the time? I wanted to ask you something.

RUTH. (*Going*) Thank you, sir, I am decidedly busy just at present, Lieutenant Thomas. (*Exits R.3E.*)

REGINALD. Er—a—a—what? I say, Ruth! (*Calls after her*) Well, that's strange! What do you mean? Lieutenant Thomas! You don't think— (*Bell rings outside. REGINALD turns and looks c. and L.*) By Jove! The guests are already coming! (*Enter ROBERTS R.I.E. with whiskers straight out from forehead. This is possible if the*

rubber band is under the Svengali wig.) Oh—Freshman! So there you are, are you?

ROBERTS. Yes, here I am, am I.

REGINALD. (R.C.) Well, you came near fixing us with your specialty performance, didn't you?

ROBERTS. Well, it weally wasn't my fault. You can't expect a fellah to be a Professor *all* the time, can you? (Crosses to L.C.)

REGINALD. We can't expect anything from a Freshman *any* time.

ROBERTS. Well, I did the best I could. And now I want to tell you fellahs that I'm done—(*pushes up whiskers*)—I'm not going to play Professor any longer.

REGINALD. What!

ROBERTS. Why didn't you tell me that I was going to be a permanent one at first? I'm going to quit right now.

REGINALD. Now, see here! Someone's coming. Put them on again. (*He pulls them down, ROBERTS objecting.*) Don't desert us in our trouble—I mean Tom's trouble. Think of his father.

(Enter DULCIE c. from r. *She wanders up stage. She has a dance program, with pencil attached.*)

ROBERTS. Hang his father!

REGINALD. (Seeing DULCIE) His sister!

ROBERTS. His sister! (Ceases his objections.)

REGINALD. Yes. (Pointing at DULCIE.)

ROBERTS. Do you think—a—that she would a—a—like to have me—a—a help her brother?

REGINALD. Why, certainly.

ROBERTS. Why—if she—she— (DULCIE comes down r.)

REGINALD. (Approaching her) Miss Harrington!

DULCIE. Oh, Mr. Black—and—and Professor James! Are you ready for the party?

REGINALD. Yes—that is, no. But I want to ask you—you a question.

DULCIE. Me?

REGINALD. Yes. Now, suppose—a—suppose your brother, Tom, were in great danger.

ROBERTS. (*Warming up*) Yes—in *very* great danger. (*REGINALD punches him back.*)

REGINALD. And someone who could save him, did so—would you be grateful to that one?

ROBERTS. (*L.C. Bubbling*) Yes—would you—ah—could you—might I—ah—yes, would you? (*REGINALD same business.*)

DULCIE. (*R.C. Surprised*) If Tom—*very* great danger? (*Rather excitedly*) Why, what do you mean? Save Tom? Why, of course I would. But is he—

REGINALD. Never mind. I just said *suppose*. (*Aside to ROBERTS*) What did I tell you?

ROBERTS. But if—if I remain a Professor, I can't dance with her.

REGINALD. Nonsense! (*To DULCIE*) Professor James begs the honor of a dance. (*Catches ROBERTS and throws him over c. next to her.*)

ROBERTS. (*Confused and bowing*) Yes, don't you know, I—that is—a—would you?

DULCIE. I shall be delighted. You may have—hum—let me see—(*Consulting her program*)—the first fox-trot.

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es.

REGINALD. (*To ROBERTS*) Stop talking like a goat.

DULCIE. And shall I save one for you, Mr. Black?

REGINALD. Why, certainly. (*Throws ROBERTS back to L.C.*) Put me down for two.

ROBERTS. Ah—um—weally, if I—I—ah—could I?

REGINALD. (*Jostling him*) What! A man of your age—two?

ROBERTS. Oh, say now—

DULCIE. (*Going between them c.*) Now, I'll give you both only one, and—(*Laughing as she goes to c.*)—if either of you get another, it must be a grab. (*Exits c. to L.* ROBERTS *runs down after her.*)

ROBERTS. I'll take my grab now.

REGINALD. (*Catches ROBERTS at door and brings him back. Speaks quickly*) Well, will you do it?

ROBERTS. Well, I'll do it until—well—for one hour, and then I'm over it. Remember—just one hour. Then I'll become James Wobberts again.

REGINALD. Well, mind your business, and don't be giving us any more of this song-and-dance stuff. I must tell Tom that he has one hour grace.

ROBERTS. (*Stopping at the door*) Well, not until the first grab anyway. (*Exits quickly R.I.E. as REGINALD dodges at him.* REGINALD *then goes over and opens door R.3E.*)

REGINALD. Tom! (*Looks around*) Tom! I wonder if he and his father are back yet. That was a great idea, having Papa notify the officers while I put James in his room. He must have returned to dinner! (*Exits c. to L.*)

DAN. (*Enters cautiously R.3E.*) Wal, I 'low I'm clean tuckered. What with trying to keep out of the widder's way—I'm clean tuckered out. I'll leave this infernal town to-night. And that Leftenant—"Cut Jim and has to square it with Maggie." I wonder who Jim is.

JAMES. (*Enters L.I.E. with his head bandaged*) Whiskey!

DAN. (*Excited*) Where? Where?

JAMES. Have you a stimulant? I'm faint.

DAN. (*Disgusted*) So'm I. But I ain't got none. You'll just have to grin and bear it.

JAMES. Grin! Grin! Sir, do I look as though I were able to grin? (*Laughs spitefully*) Ha! Ha!

DAN. (*Jumping back*) Hold on! Gosh, he's gone loco again. That's all right, young feller; that's all right.

JAMES. No, it isn't. And besides, I'm not a young fellow. Do you understand?

DAN. Yes—yes—that's right—young,—er, what did you say your name was?

JAMES. James, sir. James!

DAN. James?

JAMES. Yes. Have you seen the Lieutenant?

DAN. Wal, I reckon. He's gone up to some gal or other. He cut a feller by the name o'—(*Looking at the bandage*)—Jim! James! Gosh, he's the man!

JAMES. I want to see him. I can't stand this any longer.

DAN. Oh, he's goin' to square it. Don't get excited.

JAMES. Excited! (*Clawing*) I feel as though I could—I could— (*DAN backs and slides around and exits hurriedly R.3E. JAMES rubs his head.*) No one listens to me. No one will let me explain. And that old man actually threw me through the side of the house. Well, there's one thing, thank goodness: I can leave such a community. And I'll do it just as soon as I can. Yes! I'll do it to-night, as soon as I send this resignation! (*Reads letter*) "The President of the University of California: I hereby resign my position as Professor of Mathematics, unconditionally and irrevocably. Nothing can cause me to reconsider the resignation. Yours very truly, William Everett James." (*Speaking*) Now to send this, and leave this awful place. (*Enter NUGATA R.3E., and goes across slowly to piano.*) Leave it! Yes! But not until I bring to justice

some of these villains who have maltreated me. But how can I get this to the President? (*Out of curiosity NUGATA touches a note at the piano and jumps at the sound.*) Ah! Just the man! (*Addressing NUGATA*) Sir!

NUGATA. Yis.

JAMES. Do you know where the President lives?

NUGATA. Yis.

JAMES. (*Fumbling in his pockets*) Take this letter to him immediately. (*NUGATA protests in pantomime, indicating that he must stay at the reception.* JAMES produces money.) There! I'll make it all right with the landlady. Now, give that to the President, and as you come back, bring a cab to carry me to the station. (*Sits on sofa R.*)

NUGATA. Yis. (*Exits c. to r.* Enter DULCIE c. from l.)

DULCIE. (*Seeing JAMES seated on the sofa with raised head*) That—person!

JAMES. (*Feeling of the bandage*) Oh, my head!

DULCIE. (*Unbending a little*) Ah—a—why, I do believe he's hurt.

JAMES. Oh, my head!

DULCIE. (*Coming over*) Excuse me, but are you suffering? Let me call—call—assistance; Tom or Mr. Black.

JAMES. (*Jumping up*) No, don't. *Not them!* They're the cause of it all. I'll be better. It's only a cut in the head.

DULCIE. Oh, that's too bad!

JAMES. Oh, don't mind it. I'll have my revenge on the man that cut me.

DULCIE. Poor fellow! And so you couldn't go to the dance, even if you wanted to? (*JAMES shakes his head.*) Oh, there are ever so many people here already. Professor Magee just came, and he's director of the Gymnasium.

JAMES. (*Rising and Crossing to L.*) He is? He is? Why didn't you tell me? I must see him. I must—I must.

DULCIE. Then you're going in?

JAMES. Yes, of course. That is—I will.

DULCIE. What? After you said you wouldn't?

JAMES. Yes, yes! Now, you really are a nice little girl for telling me, but I must make myself more presentable. (*Exits L.I.E.*)

DULCIE. There he goes! *Nice little girl*, indeed! I wonder who it was, though, that hurt him that way? Where is Tom? The dance is almost ready to commence. (*Enter DAN R.3E. Hesitatingly*) Excuse me, sir, but have you seen—seen Thomas?

DAN. What? The Leftenant? (*Suspiciously*) Say, you ain't Maggie?

DULCIE. No, no! But I want to see him. I'm his sister.

DAN. Too bad—but he said to tell 'em— Ain't you heard?

DULCIE. Heard? No. What?

DAN. Wal, he got in a sort of mix-up with that feller over a gal. That is, he—

DULCIE. (*Horrified*) What, a fight?

DAN. Yes. He cut that feller Jim all to pieces over some gal named Maggie. And he's gone up to see her and square hisself.

DULCIE. (*Crying and sitting R. of table*) Oh, Tom—Tom! But, sir—wasn't it self-defense?

DAN. Pore little critter! I'm afraid it was nary a self-defense—just a massacre. (*Pronounced mass-a-cree.*) Sorry, miss, but them as fights must pay the jailer.

DULCIE. Why—why, they wouldn't put him in jail! O-o-oh!

DAN. Afraid they would. That feller, Jim,—(*Points L.I.E.*)—swears vengeance.

DULCIE. (*Weeping*) That's so. He just told me.

DAN. Pore little critter! (*Exits c. to L.*)

DULCIE. Oh, Tom—Tom! (*Crying*) How could you—oh, now I see what Mr. Black meant by "great trouble." (*Enter BYRON r.3E.*)

BYRON. Now, for a night of enjoyment such as I had when I was a boy. (*Sees DULCIE*) Why—bless me—What, why, it's Dulcie! Come, come, my child. What's the matter? You're crying!

DULCIE. Oh, father—Tom—

BYRON. (*Proudly*) Ah, yes! My noble boy!

DULCIE. He's going to be arrested!

BYRON. Arrested?

DULCIE. Yes. He fought a duel with a Freshman over a girl, and cut him all up, and they're going to arrest him for *murder*.

BYRON. What! My son, in a common brawl!

DULCIE. He said so himself!

BYRON. What! Over a woman, too! Where is he?

DULCIE. (*Wailing*) Gone to—to—Magg-i-e-s!

BYRON. (*Angry*) By thunder! I'll find him and ask him if he has disgraced the name of Harrington—if I have to hunt every *Maggie* in Berkeley. Brrh! (*Exits c. to r.*)

DULCIE. Poor Tom, what shall I do! (*Sits down again. Enter MARIAN r.3E. from upstairs.*)

MARIAN. Well, I guess I'm ready for the dance, and—and—Lieutenant Thomas. (*Sees DULCIE*) Why, my dear Miss Harrington, what is the matter?

DULCIE. Oh, I'm wretched—miserable!

MARIAN. (*Suddenly starting back with cry*) Oh, I see! You've got it.

DULCIE. (*Amazed*) I've got what?

MARIAN. The Balangalang fever.

DULCIE. (*Approaching her*) I? Why, no.

MARIAN. Stop! Don't come near me!

DULCIE. What? Oh, you've heard!

MARIAN. Yes.

DULCIE. Oh, I knew it'd disgrace us! My poor brother!

MARIAN. Your brother?

DULCIE. Yes,—Tom.

MARIAN. Oh, I'm so sorry. Is he dead?

DULCIE. No. But he's in awful trouble. But he really didn't mean to cut the Freshman. And it couldn't be about a girl.

MARIAN. (*Still more surprised*) A girl? Cut a Freshman?

DULCIE. Yes, with a sword, or something. Oh, and to do such a thing over a girl!

MARIAN. Your brother?

DULCIE. Yes. You know him.

MARIAN. No. (*Shakes her head.*) Where is he?

DULCIE. Why, here in this house.

MARIAN. Strange. I've never seen him. (*Music commences off L. Any waltz.*)

DULCIE. Oh, I'm so miserable! (*Enter ROBERTS R.I.E., in evening dress.*)

MARIAN. The dance is commencing.

ROBERTS. There she is! Ah, Miss Harrington!

DULCIE. (*Drying her eyes*) Why, Professor James, it's our dance, isn't it? But—but—

ROBERTS. Why, you're crying. Ah—ah—now weally, I—I—

DULCIE. I've had a great blow. My eyes and nose are so red that I just can't go in to the dance.

MARIAN. Your eyes are rather red, dear.

DULCIE. Then I can't go.

ROBERTS. Good gwacious! But, ah—I say, can't we go out into the garden, and—(*Reaches out arms as if to embrace her; then draws back*)—and listen to the music—don't you know?

DULCIE. Yes. I suppose so. But you'll find me

rather dull. (*Sighs. Going with ROBERTS*) I've had a great blow.

ROBERTS. Oh, ye-es! (*Exit c. to r. with DULCIE.*)

MARIAN. Poor little soul! What an awful thing to have a brother who is such a ruffian! Fighting over a woman, too. Ah, in my great happiness, I can truly pity her. What was her brother's name? Oh, yes, *Tom Harrington*. (*Enter RUTH r.3E., and comes down r.*) Ruth!

RUTH. (*Starts*) Oh, is it you?

MARIAN. Yes, come, let's go in and enjoy ourselves.

RUTH. That is impossible.

MARIAN. Impossible?

RUTH. I mean, for me.

MARIAN. What, more trouble? Tell me, what is it?

RUTH. Oh, there is no reason for my afflicting you with my troubles.

MARIAN. But, tell me. I insist.

RUTH. You would probably not believe me. (*Sits sofa r.*)

MARIAN. What, I?

RUTH. You.

(*Sits also.*) Tell me, I insist.

RUTH. (*Bitterly*) Oh, it isn't much. Only a tale of misplaced confidence.

MARIAN. Do you mean——?

RUTH. Last year I met a student here at college whom I liked very much——

MARIAN. Yes.

RUTH. He was a manly fellow, and we soon grew to be good friends—just good friends, you know.

MARIAN. Yes.

RUTH. I—I—suppose I shouldn't care about it,

but—when I found out to-day that he—that I could no longer trust him—it hurt me.

MARIAN. What has he done?

RUTH. (*Sharply*) What has he done! He has gone to San Francisco, and in one night has fallen in love with another, and made love to her.

MARIAN. Poor dear! But maybe he—

RUTH. Oh, that might be allowed if he had not this very morning tried to make me believe that he cared for me.

MARIAN. But are you sure that he cares for this other girl?

RUTH. (*Looking straight at her*) I have her word for it, and—a gold saber as evidence.

MARIAN. (*Springing up*) What—why—you don't mean to—insinuate?

RUTH. I insinuate nothing. It is the truth.

MARIAN. He—he—is Lieutenant Thomas!

RUTH. (*Laughing bitterly, with irony*) Yes, Lieutenant Thomas.

MARIAN. (*Angrily. Melodramatically*) I'll not believe it! (*Exits R.3E. and upstairs.*)

RUTH. (*After her*) I knew you wouldn't. Well, I'm glad he's found out. You insisted on my telling you. (*Enter REGINALD L.3E.*)

REGINALD. (*Hurrying toward her*) Why, Ruth, I've been looking everywhere for you. This is our dance. (*She turns away.*) Why, what's the matter?

RUTH. This is not our dance. We shall have no dance.

REGINALD. Why, Ruth, what does this mean?

RUTH. (*Angrily. Following him up as he backs away*) It means that I shall not dance with anyone who goes to San Francisco—palms himself off under an assumed name, and makes love to—to people.

REGINALD. Why—why—do you mean me?

RUTH. I certainly do.

REGINALD. Why, nonsense! That was Tom.

RUTH. (*Sarcastically*) Oh, you seek to throw the blame on your friend?

REGINALD. Nothing of the kind!

RUTH. He said you did it—and the gold saber!

REGINALD. He did! The wretch! Ruth, it is not so!

RUTH. Prove it! (*Going c.*) Meanwhile—there are others—to dance with. (*Exits c. to L.*)

REGINALD. The deuce! Why, I'll find Harrington and make him swallow those words, or choke him in the attempt. (*Music stops.*)

(Enter MRS. WIGGINS and DAN c. from L. She has his arm.)

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes, and I never dance, either. I haven't danced in years, since Wiggins was alive.

DAN. Wal, ye see, I look at 'em when they're spry-like, and young, like—like—

MRS. WIGGINS. Me? Oh, Mr. Davenant!

DAN. No, my darter, Mary Ann. But where is she? (*Attempting to go*) I—I think I'll find her.

MRS. WIGGINS. And leave me? Why, she is no doubt safe. Let us stroll in the garden. Now, when Wiggins was alive— (*She looks at picture r.*)

DAN. (*Also looking at picture*) Is that Wiggins?

MRS. WIGGINS. Yes.

DAN. Pore man! If he looked like that, he oughta died. All right, I'll go. I want to explain something to you, anyhow. (*They exit r.3E. Music off L. Any fox-trot. Enter TOM c. from R.*)

TOM. Thank goodness, I fixed that! I told him the *truth*. I don't know how I did it—but I did. And the beauty of it was—it *worked*. I can now play football, if—yes, that's the questioin, if. I tell you, I felt better after telling the truth to Magee—it was just like a rub-down, after a hard game. By

George, I'll do it! I'll start in to tell the truth, come what may—the truth!

REGINALD. (*Entering L.3E. very hurriedly. L.C.*) So there you are!

TOM. (R.C.) Yes, Regie. I'm a *new man*.

REGINALD. In my present state of mind, I feel as if I could lick a new man, or *any old man*, you included, Tom Harrington!

TOM. (*Astonished*) What? What—Reggie!

REGINALD. Don't call me Reggie! From this moment, we're no longer friends!

TOM. (*Looking at him*) Say, you haven't been drinking?

REGINALD. Look here! I've always done the white thing! I've tried every way in my power to help you out, and how do you repay me—how do you repay me?

TOM. (*Feels in his pockets*) Why, I'm broke, Reggie. You know I am—

REGINALD. See here, don't make sport of *me*. I can stand your infernal lies about other people, but when you come between Ruth and me, I'll not stand for it. You've got to tell her that I'm not *Lieutenant Thomas*.

TOM. (*Seeing why REGINALD is angry*) Oh—that! (*Laughs.*)

REGINALD. Do you understand? Now, you can either remove your things from our room, or I'll take out mine. (*He exits c. to L.*)

TOM. Reggie—say—Reggie! Hold on! Great Scott, what have I done? Lost my best friend. Say, old fellow—what—remove my things—when we've gone all the way through to Seniors together! Oh, say—that's too hard. I didn't— (*Enter MARIAN R.3E.*)

MARIAN. (R.C.) What, you here!

TOM. (L.C.) Ah, Marian, I had almost forgotten the dance. (*Approaching her*) Marian!

MARIAN. Sir, don't you dare speak to me!

TOM. (*Astonished*) What—why—er—you—

MARIAN. Don't you *dare* speak to me!

TOM. What—what is the matter?

MARIAN. And you ask me that? *You, sir?* I know all. (*TOM starts.*) I know your deceit. Wasn't it admirable! Wasn't it noble! (*He hesitates.*) Please let me pass.

TOM. By Jove! Marian—honestly, I was about to tell you the truth,—I had made up my mind to tell you a little while ago all about myself.

MARIAN. Indeed?

TOM. Yes. Tell me, what have I done?

MARIAN. Do you suppose I shall accuse you? *I don't care!* (*Laughs and shrugs her shoulders.*)

TOM. You have found out—

MARIAN. That you have been deceiving me.

TOM. Why, I—

MARIAN. If you loved another girl, why weren't you manly enough to say so?

TOM. Another girl! What do you mean?

MARIAN. I mean what I said—another girl.

TOM. But I love no other girl. I care only for—for you.

MARIAN. You—you say that?

TOM. Yes, Marian; and I mean it.

MARIAN. Oh, if it were only true!

TOM. It is; I swear it! (*Music stops.*)

MARIAN. But Ruth said you cared for her.

TOM. Ruth—nonsense! Why, she's *my chum's* girl.

MARIAN. Then it is a mistake! Oh, how glad I am!

TOM. Then you do not doubt me?

MARIAN. No. I—I believe you.

TOM. Marian! (*Kisses her, and winks over her back at audience.*)

MARIAN. (*Holding him off doubtfully*) But yet, she said Lieutenant Thomas.

TOM. (*Recklessly*) Yes. But I'm not Lieutenant Thomas. (*Music, "The Last Waltz."*)

MARIAN. What?

TOM. I did misrepresent my name—I acknowledge that.

MARIAN. You're not Lieutenant Thomas?

TOM. Yes, I am Lieutenant Thomas, but that's not all—my last name is Harrington. I am Tom Harrington. (*Very pleased with himself.*)

MARIAN. What? Tom—Tom Harrington! That awful brother!

TOM. Yes. Don't you believe me? (*Injured tone.*)

MARIAN. (*Very sarcastic*) Believe you? Of course. Do you suppose I am a perfect dupe? (*Angry*) I believe nothing, Tom Harrington!

TOM. Marian, I do care for you. (*Catches her.*)

MARIAN. Oh. Don't touch me! A common street fighter, and over a woman!

TOM. (*Amazed*) What?

MARIAN. I might have forgiven last night, but today—never! Let me pass.

TOM. But this is our dance!

MARIAN. (*Crossing L.*) Sir, we shall have no dance! (*Exits c. to L.*)

TOM. (*Tottering and bewildered*) What—she—she, too! Gone—never speak again—and Reggie! Why, I—I didn't deserve this. I was going to tell the truth! (*Enter BYRON c. from R. Down R.*)

BYRON. So there you are! I've been looking all over town for you.

TOM. Ah, father—

BYRON. (R.C.) Don't talk that way to me, sir. I know all.

TOM. (L.C.) He knows all!

BYRON. I know, sir, that you are a disgrace to

my name. I know that you are a profligate. Every man I met in town told me that they hadn't seen you, but added the pleasant information that they were looking for you—to come and pay your debts. You *spendthrift!* (*Crosses L.*)

TOM. Father!

BYRON. Don't call me father! A common brawler and ruffian! I disown you. I paid your debts, and not another cent do you get from me. Do you understand? I cast you off without a penny. You can make your own way in the world as your father did. (*Crosses R.*)

TOM. Why, father— (*Enter DULCIE c. from R.*)

DULCIE. Oh, Tom! (*Joyously*) They're playing "The Last Waltz," your old favorite. Let's dance— (*Sees her father, who motions her back*) Oh, I forgot.

BYRON. (*Solemnly taking her and going*) Yes, Dulcie, you must forget him—forever. (*At door, turning*) Do you understand, sir? Forever! (*Exits c. to L.*)

TOM. (*Standing, overcome and groping, brushes his hand before his eyes. He is dazed*) What—why—am I dreaming? Is this a nightmare? All over—all against me—cast out—and forever! Well, it came at last! I—I—wonder who told. Well, well, I guess it serves me right. I—I have been a spendthrift, and a—a—yes, a disgrace to—my—father's name—all the way through. I knew it was a battle against fate. (*Looking L. Music stops.*) Yes, there they go. Happy and gay. (*Applause.*) And to think that I might have been there if I'd done what was right. Well, I haven't, and father—Dulcie—Reginald, and—and— (*Encore music, "Last Waltz."*) Marian—Marian, that music! (*Speaks naturally while the music plays, making no attempt to follow the phrases as in the case of singing*)

"After to-night—after to-night; what will to-morrow be? You in the light, I in the night—out on the rolling sea." I had started to tell the truth—why couldn't they let me do it? Ah, but it is all gone. I must shift for myself. But I'll not give up the old college if I have to—to—starve myself through. (*Music stops.*) Well, it's ended. (*Melodramatically*) Can there be—is there, *any place*, a more miserable man than I am? (*Door L.I.E. slowly opens and JAMES enters with satchel and overcoat. They hold the picture.*) Great Scott! My poor victim! He mustn't see me now. (*Exits L.3E.*)

JAMES. Now, to find Professor Magee, and then go. I wonder if that Japanese has got my cab? (*Goes to door c. and looks r. Enter RUTH and PROFESSOR MAGEE c. from L.*)

RUTH. Ah, yes, Professor James is here. I will find him and send him to you. Will you please wait here, Professor Magee? (*Exits c. to L.*)

JAMES. So that is my man. (*As MAGEE sits r. of table L., JAMES approaches him.*) Ah, this is Professor Magee, I believe?

MAGEE. Yes, sir.

JAMES. My name is James. William Everett James. (*Music starts, any twostep. JAMES puts thumb in ear.*)

MAGEE. Our new Professor! Pleased to meet you, Professor James.

JAMES. (*Tearing off the bandage*) He actually calls me by my right name! Sir, I *am* Professor James. Yes, I *am* sure. I wish to tell you how unjustly I have been treated here. Will you listen?

MAGEE. Unjustly treated? Why—what—certainly!

JAMES. (*Looking around*) I'll—I'll not tell you here. Come with me into the garden. I can explain it fully there. (*Exeunt r.3E. Enter REGINALD and RUTH c. from L.*)

REGINALD. Tom has promised to exonerate me. Tom!

TOM. (*From inside*) Yes.

REGINALD. Here! (*Tom appears L.3E.*) Tell her the truth!

TOM. Me—me—not him. There,—that's one load off my conscience. (*He goes in again L.3E. They stand, RUTH demurely. REGINALD turns to her. She looks away.*)

REGINALD. Well, Ruth? Ruth!

RUTH. Oh, Reginald! I—I really didn't doubt you!

REGINALD. Doubt me? Then that must mean that you know that I—

RUTH. Are the dearest fellow in the world.

REGINALD. (*Catching her*) Do you mean it?

RUTH. Yes.

REGINALD. And you'll never doubt me again?

RUTH. Never!

REGINALD. (*Embracing her*) Then I guess we can forgive Tom. (*Enter BYRON c. from L. He coughs. Hurriedly loosen their embrace.*) Oh! Mr. Harrington—congratulate me! (*Music outside stops.*)

BYRON. What, is it—ah—congratulations. (*Weakly*) I feel in no mood for giving them. My only son! I could have forgiven him his debts.

(*Enter DAN and MRS. WIGGINS R. 3E.*)

MRS. WIGGINS. Well, we've set the date—the tenth of next month.

BYRON. What! (*To DAN*) I thought you said—

DAN. Wal, I might not a meant what I said this morning, but durn my old pelt, if I didn't mean every word that I said just now out there in the moonlight.

BYRON. And it's—

DAN. Wal, I guess it's the tenth, all right enough.
(He goes over to the picture of WIGGINS and turns its face to the wall. Enter MARIAN c. from L.)

MARIAN. What is this?

DAN. *(Presenting MRS. WIGGINS)* Your future step-mother.

REGINALD. My future wife— *(Presents RUTH.)*

MARIAN. *(Astonished)* What! Your—your—why, you—Ruth,—he's not *Lieutenant Thomas!*

RUTH. I thought he was. It was all a mistake. It was Tom Harrington.

MARIAN. Tom—Mr. Harrington—You didn't—

RUTH. Of course not.

MARIAN. Then, I've wronged him. O-o-oh no. I forgot his escapade with Maggie.

BYRON. *(Sadly)* Yes, and his cutting Jim, the Freshman.

REGINALD. Oh, that's all right. That only meant that he stayed away from the Gymnasium. You cut the Freshman yourself when you threw him out of the window.

BYRON. *(Blankly)* That's so.

MARIAN. *(Astonished and overjoyed)* Then he's entirely innocent?

BYRON. He's innocent! My poor boy! Where is he? *(Enter TOM l.3E. He has suit-case, overcoat and hat, and is very dejected. Tries to sneak out unnoticed.)* Tom! Tom, my son!

TOM. *(Stopping and dropping his case, overcoat and hat)* What?

BYRON. Come to my arms. I have wronged you.

TOM. *(Incredulous)* What!

MARIAN. We have found out your innocence through Mr. Black. *(TOM comes down and gives REGINALD a heartful look and a clasp of the hand.)*

TOM. A miracle—that's all. A miracle!

BYRON. (L.) Tom, I wronged you. But I paid all your debts—can you forgive me?

TOM. (*Assuming his old-time equilibrium and assurance.* c.) Certainly, father. (*They embrace.*)

MARIAN. (R.C.) And—and—can you forgive me?

TOM. With all my heart. (*Embraces her.* (*Enter JAMES and MAGEE R.3E.*))

JAMES. That's the rascal!

TOM. (*Collapsing*) Great Scott! I'd forgotten him!

MAGEE. Harrington, a word with you.

TOM. (*Aside to REGINALD*) By Jove! A fumble right under the goal post.

(Enter ROBERTS and DULCIE from R. If ROBERTS is wearing two wigs, be careful to loosen the top one before entering so that they will not both be pulled off together.)

ROBERTS. (L.C.) Hour's up! Off go the whiskers. (*Throws off whiskers and wigs.* DULCIE R. back of sofa.)

BYRON. (*Extremely L.*) Why, Professor James!

ROBERTS. I'm not Professor James. I'm James Wobberts, Freshman.

JAMES. (R.C. to MAGEE) You see! (*Aloud*) I am Professor James.

ALL. What? Well? Oh, ye-es! Bless me! Gosh! Dear me! (*Etc. They all speak at the same time.*)

MAGEE. (To ROBERTS) Why, sir, did you impersonate Professor James?

ROBERTS. (*Pointing to TOM*) Because he made me do it. Weally!

MAGEE. (To JAMES) Ah, corroboration of your evidence. (To TOM) Sir, a very serious charge has been made against you. Professor James states that

you have compelled him to be insulted as a Freshman, while you had that—that jacaknapes there—(*ROBERTS is offended and goes to DULCIE*)—impersonate him. What have you to say? Can you clear yourself?

BYRON. Thomas, my son, speak! Clear yourself, for my sake.

TOM. (*To REGINALD*) Reggie, the last lie I'll ever tell. (*To all*) I can.

MAGEE. Well?

TOM. You all know I'm Captain of the football team.

ALL. Yes. True! That's so!

TOM. My actions resulted only from a patriotic desire to do my duty and protect our football signals from the enemy.

ALL. What?

MAGEE. But how?

TOM. (*Bravely*) I had evidence that this man was not Professor James, but a Stanford spy, who came here simply to steal our football plans and signals.

JAMES. Nonsense!

TOM. Remember, Professor James was not expected to arrive for a week. An unknown appears and claims to be he. He chooses *my* boarding-house. What is more, he goes into *my* room, looking for signals.

JAMES. It's not so!

MAGEE. Extraordinary! Most extraordinary! What have you to say, Professor James?

JAMES. I was never in his room.

MAGEE. Harrington, you must furnish evidence. Your words are contradictory. I shall accept Professor James' statement unless you can produce further evidence.

TOM. But hadn't I justification for punishing him?

BYRON. Yes, my boy. I'll stand by you there.

MAGEE. But you must have testimony to back your assertion.

TOM. (*Aside to REGINALD*) Well, that settles it.

MAGEE. Well?

TOM. (*Thinking*) You want—a witness. (*Struck by an idea. Melodramatically*) I have a witness. (*Everyone turns expectantly to the door. NUGATA comes in c. from R., walking slowly, but stops, abashed and frightened.*)

ALL. Who? Don't say so! Yes?

TOM. Nugata—the servant. (*Points to NUGATA.*)

ALL. (*Talking at once*) Clear Tom! Did you see him? See here, you Jap! (*Etc. Note: Each player must take a different phrase.*)

MAGEE. (*Stepping commanding to c., close to NUGATA, and raising his hand*) Silence! This must be settled. (*All watch intensely. To NUGATA*) Tell me, sir, did you see that man—(*Points to JAMES*)—go into that man's room? (*Points to TOM.*)

NUGATA. (*Fidgeting and very rattled. Loudly*) Yis!

(*Orchestra plays any light music. JAMES grabs up his grip and overcoat, and starts for the door, stopping to turn at c. MAGEE nods his head to show that he is convinced, and bows him out. BYRON shakes TOM's hand c., and pats his back. MARIAN falls on his shoulder. DAN is with MRS. WIGGINS r. of table L. BLACK and RUTH r. ROBERTS and DULCIE, up r., do a cake-walk. Tableau.*)

CURTAIN

PROPERTIES
FOR THE SCENE SETTING

Carpet or large rug for the floor.
Sofa.
Table.
Two chairs.
Piano.
Screen.
Small stand.
Fancy cloth for table.
Decorations for top of piano and walls of the room.
Large picture of Wiggins for wall.
Additional bunting, flags, etc., for Act III.
Piano Lamp if desired.

ACT I

Feather duster for Nugata.
Book for Nugata.
Handkerchief for Mrs. Wiggins.
Two monograms, hanging on ribbons.
Tray, for Nugata.
Eight letters for Nugata.
Several towels for Nugata.
China wash-bowl and pitcher for Nugata.
Broken crockery in a box for L.I.E.
Suitcases (two), one for Reg and one for Tom.
Pitcher of water and glass on table.
Calling cards for Nugata.
Grips and various bundles for Roberts.

Silk hat and frock coat in L.3E. to put on Roberts.
Cigar for Byron.

Roll of paper money for Dan.

Lighted punk sticks for Nugata.

Grip for Prof. James.

Horn and flag on piano; horn tied with blue and gold ribbon.

Box containing Rob's Svengali wig and whiskers, and two towels that are soiled as if they had been used for taking off grease paint.

ACT II

Diamond saber for Marian.

Watch for Reg.

Telegram for Tom.

Football for James.

ACT III

Chamois for Nugata.

Letter for Nugata.

Money for James.

Dance program, with pencil attached, for Dulcie.

Bandages for James' head.

Letter for James.

SCENE PLOT

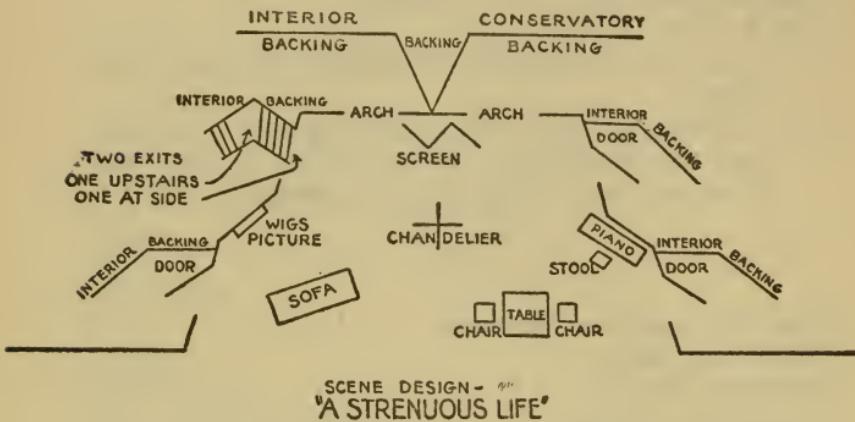
One important feature of "A Strenuous Life" is that it can be played on any kind of a stage or platform.

A piano is shown in all of the scene settings, but it is not absolutely necessary, for Marian may recite at the opening of the second act as she sits on a chair at the table L.

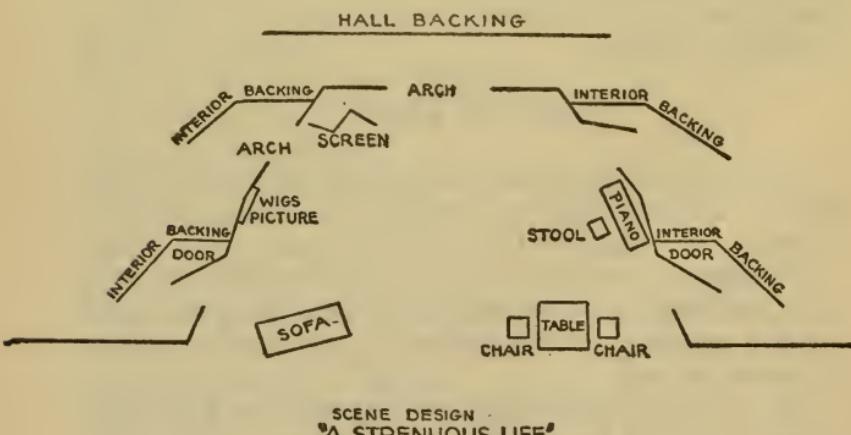
In a large, well-equipped theater, the following scene plot will be found very effective. The stage

A STRENUOUS LIFE

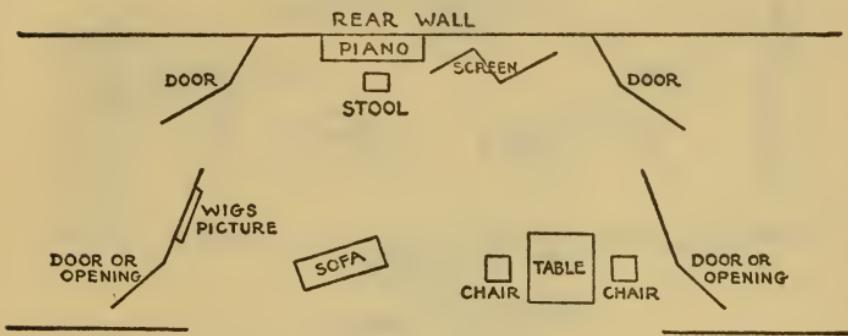
hands will be able to set this scene. When the actors should go up the stairs in R.3E. it is mentioned in the manuscript.



In other theaters or halls, the plan given below may be more useful, as it is less elaborate. In case of shortage of scenery, the two entrances nearest the footlights may merely be an entrance behind the tormentors or proscenium, without showing the door. In R.3E. pay no attention to the direction about stairs.



In cases where the hall does not admit of a rear door, but will allow two openings on each side, the following is the arrangement. Make all exits marked on the script C. to L. into the L.3E.; those marked C. to R., into R.3E.

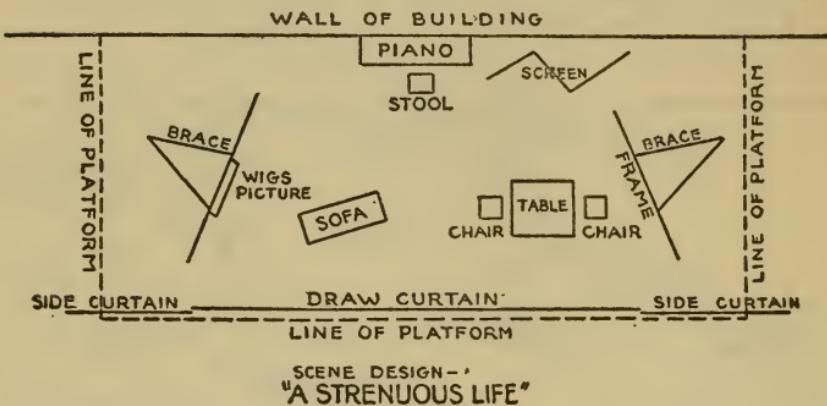


SCENE DESIGN - A
"A STRENUOUS LIFE"

For an ordinary school platform, where no stage facilities are possible, the stage is set as given below.

First drape a curtain on either side, as shown below, from the ceiling to the floor, or high enough so that the audience can not look over. Between these, ordinary draw curtains on the same wire may be used for revealing and shutting off the stage. The rear wall of the building may be used as it is. However, it should be decorated to look as nearly like the wall of a dwelling-house as possible. The only other requisite will be to make for the walls on each side of the stage a frame, as shown in the scene plot. Both should be covered with cloth, and ordinary wall-paper pasted upon them. The nearer this wall-paper is to the natural appearance of the rear wall, the better. These two frames, placed in the position

shown, will allow the four exits necessary. Follow the same rule as given above in changing c. to R. and L. to the R. and L. third entrances.



JUST PUBLISHED
Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, & females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please.

Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired.

Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males & females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

The Charm School

A fascinating comedy in three acts, by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, two interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman scarcely out of his 'teens who, upon inheriting a girl's boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age.

"The Charm School" has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

"The Charm School" was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, and then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. Price, 75 cents

Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in four acts, by Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning following the Broadway production, wrote the following comment:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

"Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years, and is now published in play form for the first time. Price, 75 cents

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